

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY+LORE+AND+LEGEND

VOL. III.—No. 28.

JUNE, 1889.

PRICE 6D.

Mr. James R. Anderson in Newcastle.

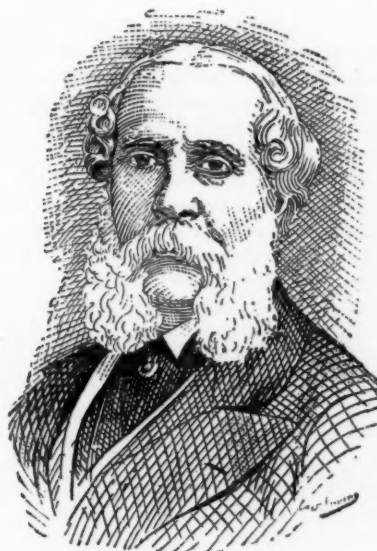
UNDER the title of "Seven Decades of an Actor's Life," Mr. James R. Anderson, the eminent tragedian, contributed in 1887 a long series of autobiographical articles to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The author, in the course of these reminiscences, related his earlier and later experiences in connection with the Newcastle stage. Mr. Anderson is still living. Yet, as will be seen, the

vivacious record here printed relates to a period of close on sixty years ago.

Mr. Sam Penley, a Drury Lane actor, was lessee of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1832. Having heard of me through his sisters, Rosina and Emma, with whom I had been associated in the Jersey and Exeter theatres, he made me an offer to join his company the



MR. ANDERSON IN 1846.



MR. ANDERSON IN 1886.

coming winter season, at a salary of two guineas a-week. "Conclude it done, my lord," said I in reply. I was fortunate in being able to obtain for my friend, George Skerritt, an engagement for "second low comedy"; and we sailed together to the North Countris in an empty, ugly collier ship bound for "canny Newcastle," on a fine September morning in the year named.

This engagement, which lasted several years, turned out to be one of the happiest and most prosperous in my early career. I made a great many friends, some very dear ones, a few of whom yet live and love me still, and whose friendship I hold in the greatest esteem.

I made fine benefits; and rose rapidly in my profession, thanks to the kind indulgence of the "canny folks" of that ilk, my own industry, application, and a little talent. Indeed, I rose so speedily in their estimation that I soon received the flattering appellation of "oor aan hinney, Jemmie Anderson."

Mr. Sam Penley was an excellent manager, a good actor, and, besides, which went a great way in making us a happy family, a thorough gentleman.

On our passage down from London to Newcastle, an accident occurred, which I thought at the time was going to deprive me of any chance of ever appearing in that town.

We had good weather, a jolly time, and nothing of importance happened till we were off the bar in a dense fog at Tynemouth. There was a heavy swell on. We were slowly making for the mouth of the river when, without a moment's warning, crash went the keel on the hard sand bar. The glass and crockery flew in all directions, and so did I—only I took a straight line across the table, with my head right into the fire-stove. Our ship struck once or twice after that, but more gently; then we ran into deep water, and up the river with the tide. There was no great harm done; we were more frightened than hurt. We soon arrived at our moorings, and all was well, though George Skerritt looked on it as an ill omen.

The captain was a fine fellow, very kind and good-natured, besides being what is called a "comical chiel."

I had a great many trunks and boxes on board, containing theatrical wardrobe, &c., amongst them a sword-box, six feet long, painted black, with my name in white letters upon it. When the traps were hauled up from the ship's hold, the sword-box was missing. I told the captain of it, when he shouted out, "Below there!" "Aye, aye, sir!" was the echo. "What the divvel are ye doin' doon there? What for do you no send up Mr. Anderson's coffin, an' be dam'd to ye?"

I got my coffin all right; we took a farewell grog together, shook hands, and parted.

The theatre during Sam Penley's rule was admirably managed. We had but few "stars" in his time. He relied entirely on the merit of his own company for public patronage, and was well rewarded.



MR. ANDERSON AS ULRIC, 1838.

The responsibility was great, for he engaged actors to fill every rôle in the drama. He gave tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, opera, and pantomime. We had a good chorus and ballet of female dancers. His expenses were equal to those of any London theatre; his Christmas pantomimes being always splendid.

I remember the production of one that might have brought him to grief, and caused him a severe loss, but for my timely aid.

I was a great favourite with the manager, and lived on the most friendly terms with his family. Belville Penley, a younger brother, and treasurer of the theatre, was my intimate friend and associate. We lodged together in the same house, had the same tastes, and followed similar pursuits. From Belville I learnt the position of Sam, who, two days before the production of his grand Christmas pantomime, which had cost so much labour and money, discovered that he had got no harlequin, for the person engaged to fill that rôle had broken faith with him.

The poor manager was in a dreadful fix. He wrote to his London agent to find another at any price, but there was no chance. Being only two or three days before Boxing Night, no harlequin of any reputation could be found unemployed in London. Even if one had been found, he could not have been sent down to Newcastle in time for use. Winter set in early, snow lay two or three feet deep all over the country, no stage-coaches were running (railroads were unknown), and it would have taken weeks to arrive by sea. Poor old Sam was well-nigh crazed.

We may talk about the anguish of a monarch at the point of losing crown and kingdom. Bah! mere baby grief for loss of playthings compared to the throes that rack the tortured bosom of a despairing manager.

I was truly sorry for him; sympathy set me to think, and thought conjured up a bold idea how to save him. I conceived the wild notion of playing Marcus Curtius myself, and leaping, not into the gulf in the Forum, but through the clock face in the scene. Then came doubts and hesitations. "To be, or not to be? that is the question." At length I remembered having read of the great harlequins Rich and Woodward, and the fame and fortune they had realised. I resolved to risk it.

When I told Sam Penley I had made up my mind to get him out of his difficulty by filling the gap myself, he looked at me with an incredulous stare. He could not believe I was in earnest. "What!" said he, "my Romeo and Rover play harlequin? No, no, that will never do." "Why not?" I replied, "Woodward, the great light comedian, was the best Petruchio and harlequin of his day. True, he had some training for the part, I have had none. But I have the necessary share of pluck, a notion of the poetry of motion, a good figure for the dress, and lots of wind and muscle. What do you say, old fellow, shall I try it? I am a favourite with the

'cannie folks,' and they may come to see me out of curiosity. Anyhow, let us weather the storm, save the opening, and you may have a real harlequin from London in a week or so."

Dear old Sam couldn't speak; he could only squeeze my hand with one of his, whilst he mopped his eyes with the other.

This was all arranged at the last rehearsal but one: so I called out to our master of the wardrobe to bring me a sailor's jacket and trousers, and a pair of neat slippers. Off went my street clothes, and at it I went in right earnest.

The columbine was a very pretty little girl called Polly Moggridge. She taught me all the business in her scenes; the clown and pantaloons soon initiated me in theirs; and the master carpenter and I settled all the leaps and catches. The eventful night came; I played "Patchy" for the first time with only two rehearsals, and continued to do so from Christmas till Easter, without the slightest accident, to enormous houses.

I was greatly pleased to find the public understood and appreciated my reasons for placing myself in such a questionable position; I was praised and applauded for the valuable assistance I had rendered my manager in his hour of need; instead of sinking, I rose in estimation and favour with the public.

My success was flattering, but it had a reverse side that was not so pleasant. In speaking of this well-intentioned effort of mine to help my manager, those who were not exactly my best friends would say, "Oh! yes, very kind, no doubt, and certainly very clever. But, my God! he must have been brought up to that sort of thing very early in life."

This was how I came to play harlequin for the first and last time in my professional career.

In after years, I have often smiled when reading some flattering criticism on my acting, to see what a beautiful "mare's nest" the writer had found to speak of. For instance, in pointing out the merits in my Hamlet, he would "cut my head off with a golden axe," by saying, "Who would not be astonished to find such lofty flights of genius raising one to excellence in Hamlet, whose vaulting ambition once was but to excel in harlequin?" I read that in a newspaper, and never blushed. It was very cutting and caustic, no doubt; but *cui bono*? I did not feel it; it did me no damage.

Sam Penley's company that season was like "the happy family" one sees in cages in the street—all agreeing, cosy, comfortable, and content. Mr. Puff says, "When actors do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." That's so.

We did not perform every night in the week. On the off nights we made friendly trips to Sunderland, fraternising with the people of old Mr. Beverley's company. He could not boast of a very great one, but he beat us out of the field in scenery and dresses; everything was

admirably done in that way. He had two very clever sons, Roxby and William Beverley; the first, a capital stage-manager, the second, a fine scene-painter—then, and now, at this day, the best in England.

When we did not visit Sunderland, we went to North Shields or Tynemouth. One fine morning Belville Penley and myself, with some others, made up our minds to have a glorious swim in the sea at Tynemouth, and a jolly race on the sands. As we were making our way to a quiet, out-of-the-way spot, to accomplish our purpose, we saw a large board fastened to a pole stuck into the sands, on which was painted in big letters a friendly warning to bathers. On reading the caution we broke into yells of laughter. The good intention was excellent, the style ridiculous. The notice, painted on a black board in white letters all the same size, and without any stops, ran thus:—

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Warning to all bathers no one must bathe near this spot as many persons have been drowned here by order of the magistrates.

I need hardly say we took the hint, kept our clothes on till we found a more convenient spot on the yellow sands, had a long swim, some well-contested races, and great fun.

In the spring that followed the eventful winter of my harlequinade, Mr. Sam Penley took his company to the Theatre Royal, Windsor, and, amongst other entertainments, announced the reproduction of his very successful Newcastle pantomime. Good policy, no doubt, and only to be matched by the modesty he displayed in announcing *me* in my "celebrated part of harlequin," without my consent, in the "grand pantomime immediately to be produced." But in this one-sided policy he had reason to exclaim, like Lord Tinsel, "I am afraid we have made a slight mistake here." I respectfully declined again risking my neck, as there was now no necessity to do so: he was no longer in distress, hundreds of harlequins were to be found in London in summer, only twenty miles off, and I was not ambitious of more laurels in *that* way.

Sam tried his powers of persuasion, even offered a handsome bribe, but no, "not for Joseph." I was virtuous in my resolve, and not to be seduced. As a *dernier resort*, he tried the humanity dodge. "Do pity me!" Should I persist in my refusal, he himself would have to assume "the motley"; it

would never do to "put a mere dancer into a part which his leading actor had so gracefully and successfully filled." He thought that shot must tell on some weak part of my armour, but it did not. Again he tried, "Would I coldly and cruelly stand by, and see him at his age risk life and limb in such an attempt?" My reply was simply this—"Don't do it, my dear fellow. Send up to London for one who is practised in the *role*. There are plenty of them idle and willing at present, and your pantomime will then be a success." No, he would not listen to reason; so I held to my resolution, and he to his. I would *not* play harlequin, and *he did*. He put on the dress, and wriggled through the part for a few nights, during which he got much laughed at in the theatre, and cruelly cut up by the press out of it.

The dear old gentleman could neither dance, run, nor jump through a "leap." He was far funnier than either clown or pantaloon, and obtained roars of laughter when trying to escape their attempts to catch him. He would waddle up to the "leap" in haste, inquire if all was ready behind, down again to the footlights as if to get an



MR. ANDERSON AS MACBETH, 1871.

impetus for the jump, give the clock in the scene an immense slap in the face with his bat, and *vanish at the wing*. Clown and pantaloone took the clock leap of course, saying, as they returned through the lower part of the case, "He ain't there, not a bit of it. The times is out of joint, and so is his'n. No *vaulting* ambition in him. Takes his leaps as the old woman takes her gin—on tick. Ha, ha, ha!"

The greatest fun of all was when we came to hear how his wife unbosomed her sufferings to a female friend, the "old woman" of the company, when ventilating her bitter reproaches on *my* inhumanity, which had entailed such risks, labour, and fatigue on her husband and herself. "You must know, my dear," said she to the lady who played our old woman, "I have to rub poor Sam's joints with salad oil all day before putting him into his dress for harlequin, and lie awake all night listening to his rheumatic groans after having taken him out of it."

We were told all this in the green-room under promise of secrecy and silence. "I have told you what Mrs. Penley confided to me, my dears, but, of course, it must go no further." Everyone promised to say nothing about it, and it went no further than just—all over Windsor. Poor old Sam soon gave up the ghost—that is, harlequin—to the right man in the right place, who knew his business; the pantomime got its second wind, and ran a good long race. I must do Penley the justice to say, his little pique over, we were as good friends as ever.

On my return to Newcastle-on-Tyne in the autumn of 1833, I continued to represent the lovers and light-comedy parts still; but "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Mr. Sam Penley had accepted a new and original tragedy called "Babington's Conspiracy," an historical play by a gentleman of Newcastle named Doubleday—the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday. The play possessed considerable merit—written in smooth blank verse containing pathos and passion—but was faulty in its construction. It was what we call a *one-part* play, and that was Babington.

Mr. Cathcart was our "leading man" this season, and he played the hero. He was a good actor in a general way, had power and passion, but wild and uncertain. As Hamlet says, "He could not beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." I had an idea that Babington, being a lover, ought to have fallen to me; but I had good reason to be thankful that it did not. The "cast" was very full, and I could not be left out, but I was allowed the privilege of selecting what part I chose after Babington. I read the MS. very carefully, and chose a small but effective part, and, to my thinking, the best-drawn character in the play. I was not mistaken, for it turned up trumps. This character was a middle-aged Jesuit priest, a bosom friend of the hero, and an agent in the conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth.

Whilst studying the part, I grew fond of it, as step by step I found the way to work out effects which

ultimately won me a triumph. At the rehearsals, you may be assured, I did not show all I intended to do at night, but just enough to prove that I was not displeased with the part, and that I meant to do my best with it.

On the first night, the house was filled with the best people of the town and country. When I made my appearance on the stage, which was not till after several scenes had passed, I was received with cold indifference. The audience did not know me, I was so disguised. The actors were somewhat surprised, my receptions being usually cordial. I knew the cause in a moment, for from the background, where I had modestly placed myself, I could see them scanning the playbills to find out who I was. The dress, make-up, and quiet cat-like walk I assumed completely deceived them. It was not until I crept slowly to the front and began to speak that I was recognised. Then, at once, I was received with all my former honours.

The triumph of that night, the public applause, and the appreciation of the press fixed firm my resolution to resign the sock and don the buskin. The grub changed into the butterfly; I was a tragedian.

I was engaged to fill the leading business for the next season, at a salary of three guineas a week. "Oor aan hinny" was invested with the purple, and sat in the curule chair.

James R. Anderson.

Marshal Wade's Road.



HE famous Roman Wall, of which Dr. Bruce has given an exhaustive account, correcting and summarising all that has been said on the subject by previous writers, such as Camden, Gordon, Horsley, Stukeley, Hutton, Hodgson, and McLauchlan, the last-named of whom made a complete survey of it in the years 1852-1854, does not seem to have ever been intended to be the limit of the Roman Empire (Romani Imperii Limes) in the isle of Britain, but to have been rather designed to serve as a line of military operations between the two seas, across the southern isthmus, and to check and bridle, not only the Caledonians to the north, but the Brigantes and other half-subjugated British tribes to the southward. Consisting, roughly speaking, of a wall of stone and a mound of earth, with a military way between them, with stations or towns for the accommodation of the soldiers at short distances apart, mile-castles between these stations, and between each of these again three or four turrets or watch towers, it practically formed an entrenched camp right across the island, from Segodunum, now Wallsend-on-Tyne, to Blatum-

bulgium, on the Solway Firth, understood to have been somewhere about Bowness. This entrenched camp, strongly fortified both ways, north and south, was garrisoned during the period of its occupation by the Romans, which was for about four centuries, by ten or fifteen thousand warriors of different nationalities, including Italians, Gauls, Germans, Asturians, Dalmatians, Dacians, Thracians, Syrians, and Moors, as well as some south-country Britons from the borders of the Channel.

The Military Way, which was the route pursued by these soldiers in their marches eastward or westward, ran along the whole distance within the two great lines of fortification, the Wall (Murus) and the Mound (Agger or Vallum), the chief use of which presumably must have been to guard the road, and to protect, and in some measure conceal, from an enemy on either side, the troops that passed along it. In several places the remains of this road can still be traced, as shown on Dr. Bruce's map attached to his "Hand Book to the Roman Wall." Thus, westward of Housesteads (Borcovicus) the track is for a good way easy to be found, all the field gates being placed upon it. Where it has not been interfered with, it is completely grass-grown; but it may, notwithstanding, be easily distinguished from the neighbouring ground by the nature of its herbage, the dryness of its substratum allowing the growth of a finer description of plant. For the accommodation of the soldiery, the road went from castle to castle, and so from station to station. In doing this it did not always keep close to the Wall, but took the easiest path between the required points. In traversing the precipitous grounds between Sewing Shields and Thirlwall, the ingenuity of the engineer has been severely tried; but most successfully, says Dr. Bruce, has he performed his task. Whilst the Wall shoots over the highest and steepest summits, the road pursues its tortuous course from one platform of the rock to another, so as to bring the traveller from mile-castle to mile-castle by the easiest gradients.

Part of the way was used as a public road not many years ago; and during long centuries it was the route taken by travellers to or from Newcastle and Carlisle. When Edward I., in the year 1306, was on his last journey towards Scotland, which he did not live to reach, he went along this way from Newcastle to Lanercost by short stages, and rested for a few days at Bradley, a short way to the westward of Housesteads, where a farm-house now occupies the site of what seems to have been a place of some importance, as evidenced by the foundations of buildings yet traceable.

From the departure of the Romans to the accession of the Stuarts, Northumberland and Cumberland were constantly liable to be harried by marauding troops. And it was not till after the union of the Crowns that the law of the land at length succeeded in "making the rash-bush keep the cow." When Camden came into the North, he travelled along the line of the Wall as far as

Thirlwall; but here the limits of civilization and security ended, and he dared not go any further, such were the wildness of the country and the lawlessness of its inhabitants. Indeed, the middle region of the isthmus continued in the state of nature into which it had relapsed since the irruption of the Scots and Picts, down to long past the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the traffic between the capitals of the two Northern Counties was carried on by means of pack-horses, which followed the traces of the old military way, climbing without swerving the precipitous flanks of the central ridge of hills, and plunging again into the ravines beyond, till they at length reached their destination.

When Marshal Wade was summoned from Newcastle to the defence of Carlisle against the forces of the Pretender, the road leading westward was in such a bad condition that he was able to reach Ovingham, a distance of little more than ten miles, only after fifteen hours' hard marching. On the second day, he managed to reach Hexham; but there he was obliged to turn back, as he found the roads got even worse the further west he proceeded. It was only here and there that they could bear the transit of artillery, and at every half mile or so slacks and slumps were met with in which the ordnance was in danger of being lost: so he was forced to turn back, and leave Carlisle to the mercy of the enemy, of whom he proceeded in search by a southerly route, through York, Ferrybridge, Wakefield, Dewsbury, Halifax, and Burnley, to Proud Preston. Here he managed to form a junction with the forces under the Duke of Cumberland, on whose approach the rebels found it expedient to retreat northwards into Scotland by the way they had come.

After the suppression of the rebellion on the fatal heath of Drumossie Muir, the Government determined to construct a good road direct from Newcastle to Carlisle. Marshal Wade had already tried his 'prentice hand in road engineering, having begun to construct those works which have made him ever memorable in the Highlands as early as the year 1726, ten years after the first Jacobite Rebellion had collapsed. He was now employed to superintend the construction of the road which was to connect Newcastle with Carlisle.

In 1749, accordingly, he made a survey of the line for the projected new military way, and the actual making of it was commenced near the Westgate, Newcastle, on the 8th of July, 1751. Soldiers were employed to construct the road. And the method which Marshal Wade adopted—a very sensible one for his purpose, but abominable in the sight of all genuine antiquaries—very greatly facilitated the undertaking. For the first thirty miles out of Newcastle, he overthrew what then remained of the old Roman Wall to construct an "agger" and culverts of his own with its massive materials, following the line it took with unflinching fidelity over considerable elevations, and only striking

out a new and easier course when he approached St. Oswald's, where he found it necessary to make a considerable deviation to the north, in order to take advantage of the bridge at Chollerford, for the repair of which, it may be worth while to mention, thirteen days' relaxation of enjoined penance was granted to all contributors by Bishop Shirlaw in the time of Richard II. The Marshal likewise shrank from the great acclivity of Sewing Shields, and swerved away a little to the southward, where he found an easier course, which, however, overtaxing the strength of modern carriages and cattle, had been deserted, even before the introduction of railways, for a less harassing route up the valley of the Tyne. In some places where it has left the Wall, Wade's road runs by the side of the Vallum, part of which has been spread out to form it. But for the most part it goes nearly straight forward. Formerly, in dry weather, and particularly after wind, the facing-stones of the Wall could be seen occasionally protruding through the metal, lying in the centre of the road, in lines about nine feet apart; while in many places the rough ashlar of its upper courses, thrown loosely down to the right and left, could be discerned still cropping up to the surface, not yet ground to dust by the tear and wear of more than a hundred years' traffic. But since the diversion of the greater part of that traffic to the railway, these interesting remnants have in many instances been removed to supply material for mending the turnpike.

The construction of the new military way was regarded with great dislike by the bulk of the ignorant people living in the vicinity. Very few of the farmers appreciated the advantages they were likely to derive from being brought into readier communication with the outer world; and the carriers, whose business it had been to conduct the traffic across the island by means of pack horses, clearly saw that their occupation would be gone, and therefore could not be expected to look favourably on an undertaking that would deprive them of their daily bread. They were exactly in the position of the old stage coachmen, when the detested locomotive drove their vehicles off the road. And when Marshal Wade encamped at Kingshaw Green, near Hexham, during the progress of the undertaking, it was with a view, not only to superintend the works, but also to repress any efforts which the discontented might be inclined to make to impede and hinder the work.

As already mentioned in Mr. Welford's account of the Great North Road (page 294), the improvement of the highways of Northumberland gave rise to the Irish couplet:—

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have held up your hands and blessed General
Wade.

So long as the pack-horse system prevailed, the carriers were accustomed to resort to the Roman Way in the

central part of their journey, which occupied, we believe, about four days. Occasionally they had to camp out all night, and one of their usual camping-places was opposite a wayside inn, commonly known by the name of "Twice-Brewed Ale," or simply "Twice-Brewed," in the township of Henshaw, near Bardon Mill, now a lonely farm-house. Here as many as twenty, thirty, or forty men, and the same number of horses, used to put up on carriers' nights. William Hutton, "the English Franklin," during his tramp along the Roman Wall, slept for a night here, or, rather, we should say, lodged, for there was not much sleep in the case; and he has left a brief but graphic account of his experience with the carriers he met with. Most of the old inns along the line are now, since the opening of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, either converted into farm-houses or otherwise utilised.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

The Pardoned Mutineer.



ABOUT the year 1642, when Charles I. and the Parliament were in opposition to each other, Sir John Fenwick, of Wallington, and his friend, Thomas Loraine, of Kirkharle, raised in Newcastle a regiment in defence of the King. The tide of popular feeling ran the other way, and Sir John, who was colonel, found much difficulty in maintaining proper discipline amongst his men. One cause of this was the poor pay doled out. Things went from bad to worse until at length one of the most restless spirits in the regiment was brought to a court-martial, and sentenced to death. The culprit was a young man allied to a respectable family, and much sympathy was expressed on his behalf. The colonel was uneasy. Had his men any really just ground for complaint? Thinking the question over, he hit on the suspicion that they were spending too much money in the taverns and alehouses. He said as much to his friend Loraine, with the result that they went forth one night, effectually disguised, to see for themselves how the men spent their leisure time. From one house to another they went, but discovered nothing, for they saw no men. At last they entered a small tavern near the Nun's Gate, and here they came upon a Corporal Steel, an old soldier, who was seated at a table with a tankard before him. They sat down beside him and called for a pot for themselves. The corporal thereupon handed them his beverage and they pledged him therein. A fresh supply was ordered in, and the corporal was asked to give a toast in his turn. He did so, and this was it: "May our soldiers ever preserve in their noddles due obedience to their colonel, and may he resolve in his noddle to increase their pay!" Another pot followed, and then the corporal rose to go. He had no more money. But surely he had money's

worth? Well, he had a good Ferrara sword, but he must have that with him at to-morrow's execution. The disguised officers pointed out that he would not be required to use his sword of trusty steel; one of lath would answer quite as well—in its scabbard! So the hearty corporal consented to leave his trusty weapon in pawn until his next pay became due; and the evening passed pleasantly enough. In the morning the troops were marshalled, and the culprit produced. Then Sir John said that he understood that one in the regiment had been uncommonly dexterous in cutting off heads in foreign parts, and therefore he would now be called upon to give proof of his skill. With this brief exordium the nonplussed corporal was directed to stand forward and behead the condemned man. All excuses were in vain; so at last, in desperation, the corporal produced his sword of lath. Fortunately, the sympathies of the regiment were with the condemned one, and they seized their opportunity, shouting that the man must be pardoned. "Be it so," replied Sir John, laughingly, for he had satisfied himself by this time that there was something in the complaints of the men, "and may all your noddles remain where they are, and serve you as well in time of need as Corporal Steel has served the criminal." It is said that from this circumstance Sir John Fenwick's regiment obtained the name of Noddles, or Noodles; and some there are that maintain that this old story is really at the bottom of the latter name, dear to juvenile Newcastle in regard to the Yeomanry Cavalry even unto this day.

River Police Station and Dead House, Newcastle.



QUARTER drawing, copied from a photograph by Mr. W. N. Strangeways, represents a block of old houses now used as the station of the River Tyne Police at St. Lawrence, Newcastle. This body of public servants was established in 1845 by Mr. John Stephens, who was the superintendent of the Newcastle Police Force, but who afterwards became superintendent of the River Police, retaining that position down to 1884, when he retired.

The houses themselves have no particular history. They are probably about a couple of hundred years old, and have no doubt been the homes of persons whose business rendered it necessary that they should dwell near the River Tyne. Behind this block is the Stone Cellars Inn, a quaint old place with architectural reminiscences of past times. The rooms facing the river are small and low; those on the first floor are the favourite rendezvous of many old stagers who meet here and recount all the more stirring events on the river within the last sixty or seventy years.

East of the Stone Cellars is the Newcastle Morgue, where the bodies of persons found dead within the boundaries of the city of Newcastle, are conveyed for identification.

Some forty or fifty years ago a small building at the east end of the New Road, now known as the City Road, was used as a dead house. It consisted of two rooms—



one for dead bodies, the other as a residence for the attendant, an old woman named Glass. It is stated that Cuckoo Jack, noted for his skill in recovering dead bodies from the river, conveyed about two hundred bodies to this depository alone. It must be remembered that in his days there were not so many precautions taken for the safety of the public as there are now. There was no chain along the quay, and it was an easy matter for a drunken man, as he staggered along, to fall into the river. At one time it was calculated that the number of deaths of persons who fell into the Tyne from the Newcastle and Gateshead shores was about one per week during the year. Now there is not one in six weeks or two months.

"The Quicks' Buring Plas in Sidgate."

By Maberly Phillips.*

MY recent investigations have led to the discovery of many interesting particulars regarding disused burying-grounds in or near Newcastle, one of which I introduce to your readers as "The Quicks' Buring Plas in Sidgate." The term "Quicks" or "Quigs" is a corruption of the word "Whigs," and is derived from some entries of burials to be found in the register of St. Andrew's Church.

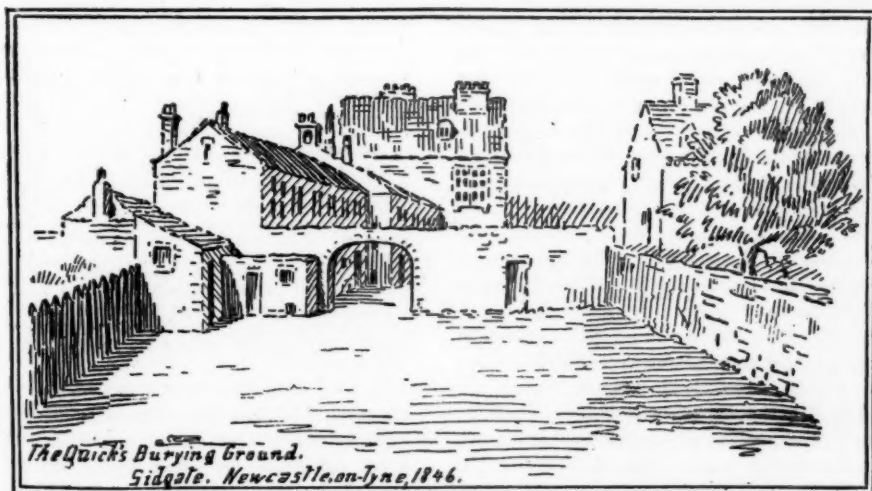
First, it may be well to identify the spot of this almost forgotten ground. During the latter part of the

seventeenth century, had any good townsman been desirous of wandering from St. Andrew's Church to Jesmond, he would have had to go through the gloomy portals of the New Gate, making his way along the Sidgate. On his left, he would soon pass the "Blind Man's Lonnin," where the town had recently spent 6s. for a new gate to be placed at the end of the lane that led up to the Castle Fields. Passing eastward in the direction of the Swirle, a small runner that emptied itself into Sidgate, he would soon reach the burying-ground in question, with its modest headstones marking the resting-place of the departed.

But time has wrought its changes. The Sidgate is now only known as Percy Street; the Swirle has vanished entirely; and the few who in more modern days knew of the graveyard have identified it, to use the glowing words of the local historian, as "the Campus Martius of the young gentlemen belonging to the Percy Street Academy," otherwise Bruce's School. To-day we must describe it as in St. Thomas's Street, forming the site of Messrs. Slater's storeyard for hay, corn, &c., and the private garden to the north.

Now, for a moment let us go to another part of the town. Should any of my readers look into the vestibule of the Unitarian Church in New Bridge Street, he will be faced by a stone, painted black, with an inscription in gilded letters. The Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson has kindly favoured me with the following translation:—"Over the remains lying below of a venerable parent, William Durant, A.M., by the Divine will a most vigilant pastor of the Church of Christ in this Town, his son, John Durant, lamenting and grieving, out of dutiful regard and filial piety, hath placed this tombstone. The texts from the last chapter of Joshua refer to

* Extracts from a paper read before the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.



*The Quicks' Burying Ground.
Sidgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1846.*

the burial in private ground of Joshua, Joseph, and Eleazar, the priest." As my investigations have led me to believe that this tablet was (if I may be pardoned the expression) the foundation stone of the Quicks' Burying Ground, we must take it into our consideration first.

William Durant, to whose memory it was erected, was a man who played no unimportant part in the history of the town, prior to, during, and subsequent to, the eventful period known as the Commonwealth. In 1645, Durant was appointed lecturer at St. Nicholas' by the Common Council. In 1646, he was settled as morning lecturer at All Saints'. In 1652, on July 30, "the Common Council ordered that upon Monday after the Judges coming to this towne, Mr. Durant be desired to preach before them." In 1653, he was one of those who met at Alderman George Dawson's house, when one Ramsay, who had assumed the name of Joseph Ben Israel, and the character of a converted Jewish Rabbi, was examined as to his sincerity, which meeting led to the publication of a tract, entitled "A False Jew, or a Wonderful Discovery of a Scot, Baptized at London for a Christian, Circumcised at Rome to act a Jew, re-baptized at Hexham for a believer, but found out at Newcastle to be a cheat." In 1656, the afternoon lectureship of All Saints' fell to Durant's lot. In 1658 Durant was acting as one of the Commissioners for examining ministers, interesting evidence of which is to be found in the Records of Tynemouth Parish. In the year 1662, as Durant could not comply with the requirements of the Act of Uniformity, he left the pale of the Established Church, and threw in his lot with the Nonconformists.

Our next record of him is in 1669 upon July 22. "Before Ralph Jenison, Mayor of Newcastle, Cuthbert Nicholson, cordwainer, saith that upon Sunday last there was assembled at the house of William Durant, in Pilgrimage Streete, a great multitude of people, consisting to the number of 150 persons or thereabouts, under the pretence of religious worship and service, for he heard them sing psalms. And after singing was done he did see and heare the said William Durant pray amongst the said people. And Robert Fryer, one of the serjeants-at-mace, being with the churchwardens of the same parish, did, in the name of Mr. Mayor, discharge them there unlawfully assembled, and upon that they dispersed themselves. And again upon Aug. 4 Durant was charged by the same informer with being at a meeting and conventicle held at the house of Mr. Richard Gilpin in the White Freers."

In 1672, when King Charles II. granted his licenses of indulgence to tender consciences, Durant applied for permission, on April 16, to be an "Indpd. Teacher in a Roome of the Trinity house called the chappell," but this was refused. He, however, did, upon May 13, obtain a license to be a congregational preacher. In 1681, death put an end to his chequered career; but, as he stood excom-

municated at the time, his perplexed family knew not what to do with his remains, so they buried him in the garden of his house in Pilgrim Street. The house is generally supposed to have stood at the corner of High Friar Street. Shortly after his death, his son, Dr. John Durant, erected a tablet to his memory. Brand, the historian, informs us:—"I found the inscription on a flat gravestone under a staircase in one of the stables of the late Sir Walter Blackett's house in Pilgrim Street. The stable appears to have been built over it. The place was long known among the servants by the name of the Dead Man's Hole."

The gravestone was presented by Mr. George Anderson, during the ministry of William Turner, to the church worshipping in Hanover Square. In the ministry of the Rev. George Harris, the congregation erected a church in New Bridge Street, and the stone was then removed from the chapel yard in Hanover Square, and incorporated in the walls of the new structure.

In two short years Dr. John Durant, who so recently had raised a stone to his father's memory, was himself called to join the great majority, and, as history informs us that he was interred in the burying ground at the Sidgate, we are pretty safe in fixing the date of the ground in question as between 1681, when William Durant died and was buried in his garden, and 1683, when his son, Dr. Durant, was laid in Sidgate. My own opinion is that John Durant was the first interred there.

The only attempt that I have found among local accounts to fix the ownership of this ground ascribes it to the Hudsons of Whitley. However that may have been in later times, I am able to show a much earlier ownership. One day last winter I had half-an-hour to spare after inspecting some wills at Durham, and, running my eye over the index for any name that might be useful to me, under the year 1688 I came upon that of James Durant. I asked for the will, and was agreeably surprised to find the following, which throws much light upon the matter we are considering. The will runs:—

In the name of God, Amen: I, James Durant, of the County and Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, being sick in body, but of sound and disposing mind and memory, make this my last will and testament in manner and form following (that is to say):—*Imprimis*, I give and devise unto my sister, Jane Durant, all that my close or parcel of ground situate near a street called Sidgate, without the walls but within the liberties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the aforesaid which I lately purchased from my late mother, Jane Durant . . . and which is now used as a burial-place, and now in the possession of me, the said James Durant, to have and to hold the said close or parcel of ground unto my said sister, Jane Durant, for and during her natural life, and after her death and decease, then the same to revert and come to my nephew, George Durant, and his heirs for ever.

From the will I think we may fairly assume that, after the death of William Durant, his wife, Jane, feeling the cruel position in which she was placed at her husband's death, had either purchased a piece of ground or appropriated some that she already owned as a burying-place

for her family and friends. Mrs. Durant was the sister of Sir James Clavering, and would bring her husband a welcome dowry. From this date the ground was freely used by the well-to-do Nonconformists, particulars of whose burials may be found in the local histories. By the kindness of the Vicar of St. Andrew's Church, I have been allowed to search the Register, and have found the following entries, which have not hitherto been published:—

Henry Hutson who Lived In Newbegin Buried In the Quicks Buring Plas In Sidgatt The Twenty Second day of January 1704.

Mr. Brown Buried in Sidgatt The Six day of February 1707.

Elizabeth Coulson Buried in Sidgatt in the Quigs Buring Plas near the Swrill November the 1, 1708.

Henry Shaw Buried the 21 day of November 1708 in Sidgatt near The Swrill in the Quigs Buringa Plase.

Tracing the ownership onwards, I find that in the *Newcastle Courant* of January 14, 1786, the following advertisement appeared:—

DISSENTERS' BURIAL GROUND.

The Dissenters' Burial Ground in Sidgate having lately been purchased, levelled, and enclosed with a good wall, notice is hereby given that the proprietors are ready to treat for the disposal of burial-places to any person desirous of purchasing; and they wish to give the preference to those whose families have been accustomed to bury there. For particulars apply to Mr. John Fife, in the Castle Garth, or to Mr. Thomas Walker, house carpenter, at the White Cross, Newcastle, where plans may be seen.

Here, then, is a clear ownership by "proprietors," with Mr. John Fife, of the Castle Garth, and Mr. John Walker, of the White Cross, as custodians. I have gathered that John Fife was in an extensive way of business, and travelled the country with pack-horses. As a lad he stayed often at Romaldkirk, and at the village named he married, on May 31, 1762, Miss Sarah Bailes. It is possible that Walker's profession of house carpenter may have led to the position he held as one of the custodians of the burying-ground, and that the trade sign of a coffin may have "mensed the door cheek" of his establishment at the White Cross.

I have shown the ownership of the ground in 1688, and have endeavoured to trace the same to the present day, but with very poor success, not having been able to obtain access to the deeds. Hutton's plan in 1770 shows the burial ground as extending right down to Percy Street. The school and adjoining house are not shown, but houses are marked on the plan a little to the east. The next and only other plan that shows the burial ground is Oliver's, taken in 1832, and that merely shows a piece of ground at the back of the school buildings, or what was known for many years as the High Play Yard and garden, now Slater's hay and straw yard with garden above. Oliver's map of 1832 marks the school premises as No. 437, and the burying ground as No. 438, and, in the key explaining the ownership, names both as belonging to Miss Hutchinson. But I think this must be incorrect, as I find for a great number of years the

site of the graveyard has been owned by the same persons that owned Villa de St. George, the adjoining property to the north. Mackenzie, in his history of Newcastle, says:—"When the late Mrs. Hudson sold this ground she reserved the part where some members of the Hudson family had been interred at the further end of the premises." This may have been in 1786, when the higher part was sold to the "proprietors," and future burials confined to it, and the lower part, that facing Percy Street, was sold for building sites. At the present day, the school premises (now converted into a laundry) are owned by Mrs. Browning (by inheritance from Miss Hutchinson), and what was the burying ground and Villa de St. George are owned by Mrs. Carr (by inheritance from one Mr. Johnson).

An "oldest inhabitant" informs me that he well remembers several headstones in the burying ground, and that a woman occasionally came from the vicinity of Prudhoe Street, and gave the lads sundry coppers to climb over the walls and see if the headstone of "her man" was still standing, as she intended being buried beside him. I fear her wish was never realised. The last interment that I have been able to verify was in 1796.

Such, then, is the very imperfect record that I can give of the "Quicks' Burying Ground." The question still remains unanswered, "How has this graveyard, with its deeply interesting historic associations, been allowed to drift from its original purpose?" I have interviewed "old boys" who have attended the Academy (one as far back as 1812), several of whom remember sundry headstones which they used as targets for stone-throwing. Others, again, of more modern days, had little dreamt that when they indulged in "bedstocks and spenny wye" they were scampering over the graves of their grandfathers. One informed me that he could not remember any headstones, but often had strong suspicions of the very flat stones with which the pig-sty was paved.

Visiting the spot a few months since with a friend who had been at school there many years before, we were long-ing to find some fragment of the old memorials, when we espied facing us at the end of a horse trough a stone much defaced, but still recording the burials of the Morton family. I subsequently questioned the builder who made the alterations to the premises, and he assured me that this is the only stone that was found, and that it was exhumed from the vicinity of the pig-sty. The stone has been kindly placed at my disposal, and is now awaiting some fitting resting-place, where it may yet give silent testimony to the reality of the "Quigs' Burying-Ground in the Sidgate." The Mortons were evidently members of the Castle Garth congregation, as in the register of that chapel, now in the possession of the churchwardens of St. Nicholas, I found entries corresponding to the names mentioned on the stone. Indeed, the evidence that we have points very strongly to the graveyard having in latter days been owned and largely used

by members of the Scotch Church that met in the Castle Garth.

The story I tell speaks little for the veneration for their fathers of the good people of Newcastle, and makes us regret the graves had not been other than they were. Had they marked the resting place of some ancient Britons, or had they been the graves of some intruding Romans, every fragment of stone would have been preserved, and every abbreviated inscription translated and extended in an admirably learned manner; but, being only the graves of our grandfathers, they have vanished from our midst, no arm being raised to stay their flight, no pen lifted to record their history.

The picture which accompanies this paper is from the sketch-book of Mr. David Reed, and was taken when he was a pupil at the school, prior to the construction of St. Thomas's Street.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stoker.

BOB CRANKY'S ADIEU,

ON GOING WITH THE VOLUNTEER ASSOCIATION FROM GATESHEAD TO NEWCASTLE ON PERMANENT DUTY.

IN the 6th and 7th June, 1808, his Majesty King George the Third's birthday (which fell on Saturday, the 4th) was celebrated by the military in the counties of Northumberland and Durham in a more than usually brilliant manner. A brigade of the Royal Artillery, four troops of the Enniskillen Dragoons, the East York and Wiltshire Regiments of Militia, together with companies of Volunteers from Sunderland, North Shields, Tynemouth, Hexham, Corbridge, Gibside, Axwell Park, Newcastle, and Gateshead, altogether forming a force of upwards of 5,000 men, were assembled in Northumberland Street and Westgate Street, and marched in order to the Town Moor. Here they were formed in two lines previously marked out for them, and were put through various military movements, and reviewed by Lieutenant-General Dundas. The business of the field being over, they proceeded to their several parades in the town. On the Tuesday they were assembled at six o'clock a.m., and marched to Throckley Fell, where a sham fight took place, coming back to Newcastle about five o'clock p.m. The next day the troops were highly complimented in the general orders that were issued.

The Gateshead Volunteers had marched into Newcastle on Sunday, June 5th, for the purpose of being placed on permanent pay and duty for three weeks. This had also been done in previous years, as a song, "The Bonny

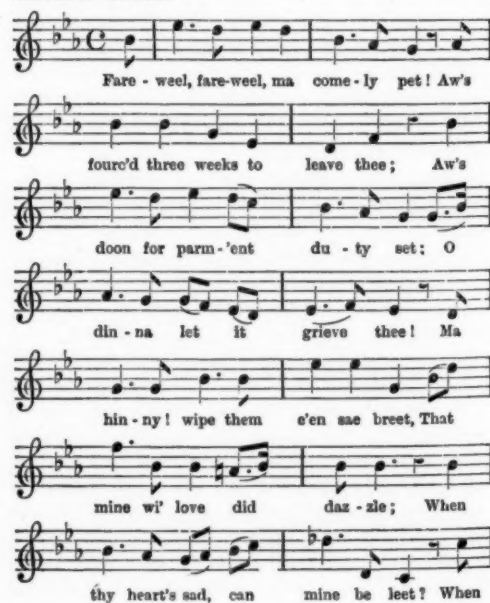
Gyetsiders," dated 1805, celebrates the doings of volunteers of the borough, one verse announcing—

To Newcassel for three weeks up-stannin'
On permanent duty they're gannin';
And sune i' the papors
We's read a' the capers
O' the corpse o' the Bonny Gyetsiders.

Mr. John Shield, the writer of "Bob Cranky's Adieu," was also the author of "Lord 'Size," "Bob Cranky's 'Leumination Neet," and other noted local ditties. He was born in 1768, and died at Broomhaugh, near Hexham, on August 6th, 1848. An interesting account of Mr. Shield was given in the first number of the *Monthly Chronicle*, with the local song of "Lord 'Size."

"Bob Cranky's Adieu" is a parody upon "The Soldier's Adieu," a song which obtained some amount of popularity in the earliest years of this century, but which has long been relegated to the limbo of forgotten lyrics. In Mr. Shield's song the peculiarities of pit language are happily and faithfully portrayed, and it is on the whole an interesting relic of the old militia days. It was first published in Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," 1812, and continued such a great favourite that it has been included in nearly every collection of local songs published since that date.

The measure is peculiar, and the melody had been long forgotten and buried in oblivion. The writer sought unsuccessfully for many years to find it, until a short time ago, when he discovered it accidentally in an old book of airs for the violin, flute, &c. Its appearance in the present series, therefore, will probably be the first time that the music has been wedded to the words of the song—a union seldom, if ever, adopted by local writers, either ancient or modern.



Fare - weel, fare-weel, ma come - ly pet! Aw's
four'd three weeks to leave thee; Aw's
doon for parm-'ent du - ty set; O
din - na let it grieve thee! Ma
hin - ny! wipe them e'en sae breet, That
mine wi' love did daz - zle; When
thy heart's sad, can mine be leet? When



Come, dinna, dinna whinge an' whipe,
Like yammerin' Is'bel Mackey;
Cheer up, maw hinny! leet thee pipe,
And tyeek a blast o' baccy.
It's but for yen-an'-twenty days,
The folk's een aw'll dazzle—
Proud, swagg'r'in' i' maw fine reed claes.
Ods heft! maw pit claes—dist thou hear?
Are warse o' wear;
Mind cloot them weel when aw's away,
An' a posie goon,
Aw'll buy thee soon,
An' thou's drink tea—aye, twice a-day,
When aw come frae Newcassel.

Be-like! aw's up tiv ivery rig,
Sae dinna doot, maw hinny!
But at the Blue Styen o' the Brig
Aw'll hev maw mairchin' Guinny.*
A guinny! wuks! see strange a seet,
Maw een wi' joy will dazzle;
But aw'll hed spent that varry neet—
For money, hinny! ower nun to keep,
Wad brick maw sleep.
Sae smash! aw think'ts a wiser way,
Wi' flesh and beer
Meessel to cheer,
The three lang weeks that aw've to stay,
A sowjerin' at Newcassel.

But whist! the sairjent's tongue aw hear,
"Fa' in! fa' in," he's yelpin';
The fifes are whusslin' lood and clear,
An' sair the drums they're skelpin'.
Fareweel, maw comely! aw mun gang,
The Gen'ral's een to dazzle!
But, hinny, if the time seems lang,
An' thoo freets about me neet an' day,
Then come away,
Seek oot the yell-hoose where aw stay,

* The Blue Stone, where the marching guinea was paid, now counts only as a matter of history. It marked, as many of our readers well know, the boundary of the town and county of Newcastle southwards. Beyond it, towards Gateshead, was included in the county and liberty of Durham.

An' we'll kiss an' cuddle,
An' mony a fuddle
Shall drive the lonesome hours away,
When sowjerin' at Newcassel.

Freemen's Well Day at Alnwick

THE singular mode in which the freemen of Alnwick were anciently made has now been obsolete for thirty-five years, having been observed for the last time on St. Mark's Day, 1854. According to tradition, it originated in a whimsical order issued by King John, on the occasion of one of his burning and plundering visits to the North. He is said to have been thrown from his horse, or to have stuck fast in a bog, on Alnwick Moor, when he was out there a hunting. Finding that the place belonged to the Alnwick freemen, he declared that they ought to be punished, in all time coming, for not draining their land, and declared that everyone, on being made a burgess, should be obliged to go through the same disagreeable ordeal as himself, by plunging through the identical bog. There is, however, another story. John, when residing at Alnwick Castle, once took it into his head, we are told, to disguise himself as a palmer, and go out into the country to learn what the people thought of their king. This said, he pursued a footpath over the Moor, till he came to an avenue bordered on both sides with whins, which conducted him to a well, by the side of which he found three tinkers solacing themselves. Imagining these fellows to be countrymen of the rounds, he sat down beside them, and joined in their conversation. But he soon found what sort of gentry they were, and rose to go away. The tinkers, pretending to show him the road, led him into the quagmire at the bottom of the hill fed by the spring they had been resting beside, and pushed him in there to flounder about and get out the best way he could. When he reached Alnwick, and was passing through the street, the people crowded round him to gaze, believing that he was either mad or drunk; and he was so annoyed by their jeering remarks that he declared, on reaching the castle, that no man, from that day forward, should enjoy the freedom of Alnwick until he had traversed the same slough that their sovereign lord the king had just passed through. The story also goes that he despatched an armed party in pursuit of the tinkers, and ordered two of them, when taken, to be instantly executed. The third tinker, however, received a pardon, owing to his having tried to dissuade his mates from plunging the pretended palmer into the bog. This tale is evidently beholden in some of the particulars to the inventive humour of its relaters.

For six centuries, more or less, the officials of the Cor-

poration of Alnwick used to assemble in the Town Hall annually on St. Mark's Eve, along with the freemen, the candidates for the freelage, and as many of the public as chose to attend; there the young men were asked to prove their qualification, such as having previously been admitted members, or made free of their respective companies. They then paid their fees of admission, swore loyalty to the king or queen, fealty to the lord of the manor, and obedience to the Common Council. Their names were thereupon enrolled in the borough books, and they received the right hand of fellowship. Then the neophytes left the hall, and, accompanied by the moor grieves, the herd, and the town's waits with music, paraded the streets, each candidate furnishing a bowl of punch at whatever public house he chose to select. After this, they separated for the evening, to ruminate on the important business of the next day.

On the following day (April 25th), the houses of the new freemen were distinguished by an evergreen planted before each door, as a signal for their friends to assemble. About eight o'clock in the morning, the candidates, being mounted on horseback and armed with swords, assembled in the Market Place, where they were joined by the candidates and the duke's bailiff, attended by two men with halberds, and last, not least, the duke's piper. The procession was then formed, the moor grieves taking their places, some in front and others on the flanks, and behind the front rank rode the piper, who, as soon as the order to march was given, commenced to play lively airs on the Northumbrian pipes. Behind the piper rode the young freemen, mounted on such steeds as they could command for the nonce, while a group of old freemen, similarly equipped, brought up the rear, a long tail of pedestrians accompanying the assemblage.

The well, about four miles south-west of Alnwick, was situated on the declivity of what was called the Freemen's Hill; it was fed by a powerful spring, and was properly dammed up some time before the grand anniversary. When filled with water, it was about a hundred feet long, from five to fifteen feet broad, and from three to five feet deep. To impede the progress of the freemen in plunging through the dub, turf dykes were built across, and straw ropes fixed from side to side; and that these traps to catch the unwary might not be visible, care was taken to stir up the mud from the bottom, so that the water was effectually mixed with it.

The young freemen, after arriving at the Freemen's Well, immediately prepared for immersion, divesting themselves of their usual garments, and donning a white dress and cap, ornamented with ribbons. Then, on a signal being given, they plunged into the water, some up to the waist and others to the chin, and scrambled with the utmost expedition they could make through the muddy and loathsome pool, when they were courteously assisted out at the further end. After this trying ordeal, the newly-accomplished freemen used, very reasonably, to

treat themselves to a dram, put on dry clothes, remount their horses, and gallop away round the confines of the Corporation's estate, as far as the Turnlaw or Townlaw Cairn, where the names of all the freemen then to the fore, resident or non-resident, were called over.

The cavalcade then returned to the town, carefully skirting the common property, till they reached a certain point, where a neck-to-neck race began. At the entrance to the town, sword in hand, like heroes after a great victory, they were welcomed back by a bevy of fair damsels, dressed in ribbons, with bells and garlands, dancing and singing. The coveted honour of being King of the Freemen for the next year, and of drinking first, on reaching the castle yard, from a silver cup, full of wine or beer, presented to the neophytes by the Duke of Northumberland's steward belonged to the young freeman who landed in Rotten Row the soonest, after the break-neck race down the hill. And so the health of his Grace of Northumberland and prosperity to the town of Alnwick having been duly pledged by the king and his compeers, and the officers of the freemen's body, and a plentiful supply of beer, in pewter and earthenware pots, having been served out to the equestrians, and afterwards to those on foot, the regular work of the day came to a close.

But to the young freemen a further duty still remained to be performed, viz., that of visiting each of the houses in front of which evergreens had been planted. An old freeman or two generally had this part of the work in hand, and they used to perform it in a systematic way, so as to take each house in rotation and make a tour of the town. The inmates of each house were expected to come out with wine, spirits, and cake, on trays, and serve all hands. And with this kindly courtesy the public celebration ended.

Wearmouth Bridge Lottery.



WEARMOUTH BRIDGE, otherwise Sunderland Bridge, which was opened in 1796, and was long considered one of the wonders of the world,* cost, with sundry indispensable accessories, upwards of £40,000, of which sum £30,000 was advanced by its projector and originator, Rowland Burdon, M.P., at five per cent. interest on security of the tolls, while the remaining fourth was raised by subscription on loan, the subscribers, as was stated at the time, "lending their money under circumstances of peculiar risk, although confined by the Act of Parliament not to receive more than five per cent. interest." Mr. Burdon, it was clear, did not make his advance, any more than the others did, with any view to extraordinary profit, but principally for promoting the public benefit, which the erection of the

* See vol. i., page 401.

bridge furthered to a very great extent. Unfortunately, in the year 1806, the banking house at Berwick-upon-Tweed of which Mr. Burdon was chief partner, failed, and a commission of bankruptcy was obtained against him and his co-partners, Messrs. Aubone Surtees, John Surtees, John Brandling, and John Embleton. Mr. Burdon's interest in the bridge and securities upon the tolls thereof were then caused by the assignees of the firm to be put up to sale. They also offered, with the approbation of the creditors of the bank, to dispose of them by way of tontine in shares; but it turned out that they were unable to effect this arrangement at any adequate price. In short, as there was no prospect of the shares being sold without very great loss to the creditors, the commissioners fell upon the idea of disposing of them by way of lottery. This could not be done, however, without the aid and authority of Parliament; and so an Act was applied for and obtained, in the year 1814, to authorise and empower the commissioners or assignees to dispose of the securities in this way, "without being liable or subject to any penalty or forfeiture imposed by any Act or Acts against any sale or sales by way of lottery, or by lots, tickets, numbers, or figures, or upon any person or persons for opening, setting, exercising, or keeping an office without license for buying, selling, or disposing of, or otherwise dealing in, tickets, by way of lottery." The commissioners named in the Act were Arthur Mowbray, of Durham; Joseph Bulmer, of South Shields (secretary to the North and South Shields Fire Office); Christopher Blackett, of Newcastle (receiver-general of taxes for the Counties of Northumberland and Durham); John Chapman, of the same place, merchant; Matthew Atkinson, of the same place, insurance broker; James Forster, of the city of Carlisle, banker; John Molineux, of Newcastle, spirit merchant; Geo. Riddell and Robert Dick, both of Berwick-upon-Tweed, merchants. The Act stands in the statute book among the local and personal Acts as 54 Geo. III., cap. 117. Under it the sum of £30,000 was allotted into 150 prizes, of which the highest was £5,000, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, £3,000, £2,000, and £1,000 respectively, while there were six prizes of £500 each, twenty of £200 each, and a hundred and twenty of £100 each. As the number of tickets was 6,000, at £5 each, there were 5,850 blanks, making thirty-nine blanks to one prize. Sir Matthew White Ridley, of Blagdon, Bart., and Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., of Hebburn Hall, were appointed trustees for the assignees in the first place, and for the fortunate ticket holders in the second place, their trusteeship to be determined only on the terms of the Act having been fully complied with. The drawing, which took place previous to the first day of December, 1816, was regulated in like manner as the State Lotteries then common. Medals were given to every one of the six thousand subscribers, containing a view of the bridge on one side and a description of it on the other; and the parties who obtained prizes received

debentures bearing interest at 5 per cent. We have endeavoured to procure a list of the names of these debenture-holders, but have not been able to do so, the minute books of the Bridge Commissioners of the date in question having, it seems, been duly handed over to the Corporation of Sunderland by Mr. Robert Smart, the commissioners' clerk, on the office being taken from him, and having since been either destroyed, lost, or mislaid in the Town Clerk's office. The transference took place, we believe, in the year 1839. The debentures were paid off as the commissioners obtained funds from the bridge and ferry tolls, and in the manner prescribed by the Act. The last of them was duly cancelled in the year 1846, or shortly afterwards.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Staward Peel and Dickey of Ringswood.



N the south side of Deanraw township, in the parish of Warden, at the point where the Harsingdale Burn joins the Allen, in the midst of some of the most charming scenery in the North of England, or indeed anywhere, stands the old grey ruin of Staward Peel, or Staward-le-Peel, one of those minor fortalices once so common on both sides of the Border, erected by the lesser barons as places of defence, as well as to serve as a refuge, in case of invasion, for the wives and families, and also the cattle, of their dependents.

It is about eight or nine miles west from Hexham, and the property on which it stands was granted, in 1386, by Edward Duke of York to the Friars Eremites of that town, to be held by them for the yearly payment of five marks. Placed upon the point of a high angular cliff of great extent, flanked on the right and left by precipitous ravines, and communicating with the main land only by a narrow ridge which afforded the greatest facilities for defence, this place must, in the troublous times of the moostroopers, when they were evermore scouring the country, have been one of the securest against sudden assault, remote as it is "from public view," and miles away from the nearest frequented route southwards. Who the peel, or pele, was erected by, or for whom, we do not find on record. It was probably for the tenants of the Hexham hermit-friars, whose outlying possessions, in those rude times, would be held little more sacred by the indiscriminate harriers of goods and gear than those of the laity.

After the dissolution of the religious houses, Staward Peel came into the hands of the Howards and Sandersons, and afterwards became the residence of John Bacon, who raised a large fortune by mining speculations, being

among the first to utilize the stores of lead by which the Alston district was for centuries enriched. He is said to have descended from the same stock as Lord Chancellor Bacon, and his father, Mr. Wallis says, was a monk of Wetherall Abbey, and consequently a Benedictine, who conformed to the Church of England at the Reformation, married, and founded a family. Mr. Bacon's son settled at Newton Cap, near Bishop Auckland, which was long the property and seat of his descendants. In the year 1828, one of these gentlemen assumed the name of Grey, in addition to his own family name. The remains of Staward Peel, we believe, are now the property of Mr. Bacon Grey, of Styford.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Staward Peel is said to have been occupied by a man popularly known by the appellation of Dickey of Kingwood, who was one of the last of the genuine moss-trooper fraternity, and was worthy to be compared with either Jock o' the Side, Johnnie Armstrong, Clym o' the Cleugh, or Wat o' Harden. The time was gone by at the date when Dickey exercised the honourable vocation of master-thief for having resort to mere brute force. And so he had to accomplish his purposes by fox-like or cat-like cunning. He is said to have boasted that, though he was afraid of no man, he never had, and never would, dip his hand in man's blood. He had a better way by far of raising ways and means. No desert Arab could have excelled him in the art of horse-stealing; and when horses were not to be had, he would content himself with cows. Here is a case in

point, communicated to Richardson's "Table Book" by the late Mr. William Patterson, of Bishopwearmouth:—

Once upon a time, when he was passing a farm-house at Denton Burn, near Newcastle, a pair of fat oxen in an adjoining field particularly attracted Dickey's attention, and he was resolved to become their possessor if the thing could be done comfortably. Accordingly, skulking about until night, he entered the field and drove them off; and, having managed to get the farmer put upon a false scent and sent off on a bootless errand towards the Tweed, from which quarter he did not return for some days, he drove them westward as far as Lanercost, in Cumberland, where he sold them for a good price to an old farmer, who had greatly admired them. This farmer rode an excellent mare, upon which Dickey cast a covetous eye. He accompanied the old gentleman home, and, after partaking of his bottle, asked him to sell his mare. "My mare! no!" was the reply; "not for all Cumberland would I sell her; her like is not to be found." "I cannot blame you," rejoined Dickey, "but I would recommend you to keep her close, as unlikelier things have happened than that your stable should be empty some morning." "Stable, sir! God bless you, she sleeps in the same house with myself—close at my own bed-foot; and no music can be so sweet as to hear her grinding her corn all the night long, close by me." Dickey commended his caution, though inwardly cursing it, because he did not at the moment see how he could possibly get the animal away. However, he was determined to try. So, continuing the discourse, he said, "I hope you have got a good lock." "You shall see it," replied the simple farmer. This was exactly what the cunning rogue wanted; so, after a careful survey of the lock, and pronouncing it to be the real thing—just such a one as it ought to be, and one it would be impossible to pick—Dickey partook of another cup, shook hands with his customer, and departed. The old farmer, who was a bachelor, after fastening his mare to her accustomed post, betook himself to rest. He awoke towards morning, shivering with cold, and astonished to find himself without coverings of any kind. Rising and



STAWARD PEEL, 1885.

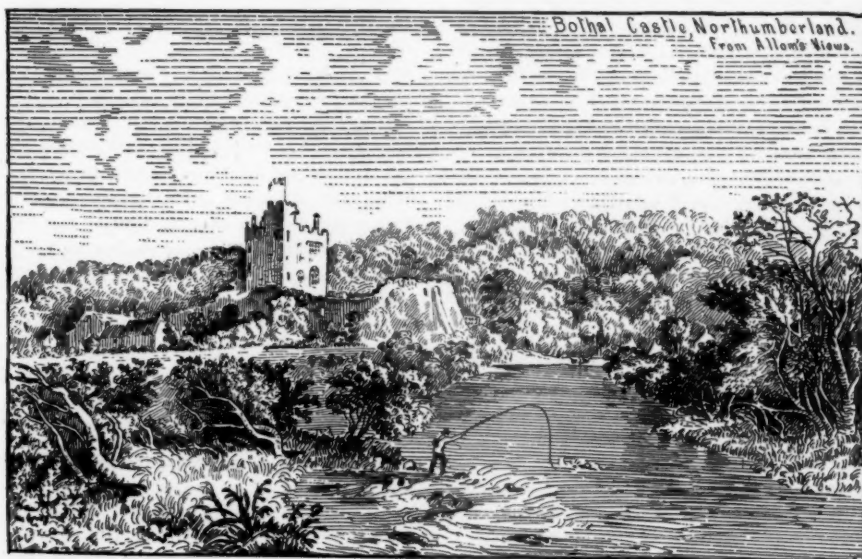
getting a light he found his blankets all spread upon the floor, towards the door, which was standing open. Turning towards his bed, his mare's stall was seen to be empty; his favourite was gone! The thief had picked the lock, stripped him of his covering, spread them down to prevent noise, and flown with his prize. The farmer instantly roused his servants and commenced a pursuit, but in vain. No trace could be discovered beyond a few yards from his own door. So, after venting curses innumerable upon the impudent thief, he was forced to content himself the best way he could. In the meantime, Dickey (for his was the misdeed), after clearing the neighbourhood, directed his flight eastward as fast as he could. Crossing Haltwhistle Fell, he was met by a man whom he recognised as the owner of the stolen cattle. This honest man, who had not the least idea of Dickey's real character, inquired if he had seen a yoke of oxen in his travels, describing them most minutely. Dickey, without the slightest hesitation, said he had, and directed the farmer to the very place where he had sold them. "You ride a good horse," said the man, "and I am completely knocked up with tramping on foot; will you sell her?" After much chaffing, a bargain was struck, the money paid, and the farmer and Dickey parted, the former to seek his stolen property from the owner of the stolen mare, and the latter to wherever his good or evil genius might direct him. The Denton farmer, on arriving at Lanercost, instantly recognised his oxen grazing in a field, and rode up towards an elderly person whom he supposed to be the master. "I say, friend, these are my cattle in your field; how did you come by them?" "And I'm —," replied the other, "but that is my mare; how did you come by her?" On each describing the person from whom they had bought the animals, they discovered that they had both been duped by the same rogue, and could not help laughing at the ludicrousness of the whole affair. So they wisely lost no time in putting matters to rights, so far as the absence of the thief put it in their power to do so. A fair exchange took place between them, each getting back his own, but of course minus the price of the three stolen animals, which Dickey had got safely off with, he having lost no time in getting over the Border, like Jock o' Hazeldene, to a place where he was fairly out of reach among gentry pretty much of his own character, who would give him secret harbourage, he knew, as long as he needed it.

Whether Dickey ever came back to Northumberland we cannot tell, for tradition gives us no light on the point; and from the absence of any notice of him in the records we have consulted, we are led to conclude that Dickey of Kingswood, like his brother in "stouthrift," Rob Roy, died quietly in his bed, after he had run his riggs.

Bothal Castle.

BOTHAL CASTLE is romantically situated on the north bank of the River Wansbeck, about three miles to the east of Morpeth. The most comprehensive view is from the north-west, but from the south-east the castle has a more picturesque appearance as it rises above the trees and is reflected in the river. Our drawing is from the west, and is reproduced from Allom's Views, which were made more than half a century ago. The river banks are now covered with trees, and it is not an easy matter to get a glimpse of the castle under the conditions here depicted. Many alterations have been made to the castle since the date of the drawing—alterations which, while no doubt greatly adding to the comfort and convenience of the occupants, do not enhance its value from a pictorial point of view. The Wansbeck, in times gone by, was crossed by stepping-stones near the castle, but the floods have washed some of them down the river. A rustic wooden foot-bridge now takes their place, and forms a not uninteresting feature in the landscape.

The most perfect part of the castle is still inhabited. It was defended by two polygonal towers and a portcullis.



The arms of England and France, with six other shields, are carved over its north entrance. Overlooking the battlements are two stone figures, one sounding a horn and the other lifting a stone as if to cast it down upon assailants. There is reason to believe that this tower was built by Robert Bertram in the time of Edward III., from whom he obtained leave "to kernellate his manse at Bothal." Of the rest of the castle merely fragments of the walls remain, enclosing an area of about half an acre.

In the time of Henry II., Bothal belonged to Richard Bertram. In the reign of Edward III., Helen, the heiress of Robert Bertram, brought his property by marriage to Sir Robert Ogle of Ogle, whose grandson was created Lord Ogle of Ogle in 1461. The seventh Lord Ogle left a daughter Catherine, who married Charles Cavendish, of Welbeck, Nottinghamshire. Their son was the Marquis of Newcastle, so famous for his loyalty during the civil wars. His granddaughter married John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, whose heiress married Edward, Earl of Oxford. Their only daughter, Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, celebrated by Prior as "My noble, lovely little Peggy," married William, second Duke of Portland, and thus brought Bothal into the family of the present owners.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

VI.

BATTLE OF NECHTANSMEERE.

BUT despite their previous successes, a great calamity for the Northumbrians was impending. Though opposed by the wise men of his kingdom, and warned by the terrible animosity that had been aroused by his raids on Ireland, Egfrid laid his plans for a crushing attack on Brude, the King of the Picts. It would appear that the tribute already paid by this people was not sufficient for the grasping avarice of their persecutor, and he now hoped, at one swoop, to add a large portion of valuable territory to his dominions. It was a fatal ambition, and many of his followers seemed fully cognisant of the risks it entailed. "A sense of coming ill," says Mr. Green, "weighed on Northumbria, and its dread was quickened by a memory of the curses that had been heaped upon her." But notwithstanding all remonstrances, the army advanced in 685, and those who were left behind had simply to watch and pray with the venerable Bishop, Cuthbert. Meanwhile, the assailants proceeded on their way. They came in sight of the Picts near the Forth, and saw, with glee, that they were retiring to the hills of Fife. To all appearances they durst not chance an encounter, and the Northumbrians pressed forward more eagerly than before. But the wily Picts understood their business perfectly

well. They had been strongly reinforced by the Scots, as well as by many of the Welsh tribes, and their supposed retreat was only a pretext for luring the advancing foe to destruction. Unsuspicious of danger, the pursuers rushed onward; crossed many an awkward marsh; and ultimately found themselves, hungry and weary, in a narrow gorge amid the mountains. It was here that the Picts secured their opportunity. They had for some time been cutting off stragglers, and making flank attacks on the advancing host; but now, abandoning all dilatory tactics, they poured upon the invaders from every hill-side, and assailed them on all points at once. It was a well planned ambush, and resulted in a terrible discomfiture. Not only was the king killed, but his army was well-nigh annihilated—scarcely one being left to carry home the mournful tidings. There had already been many days of anxious expectancy, and months of sorrow were still to come. The Northumbrian people were horrified when a solitary fugitive—haggard and feeble—told how desperately the Picts had turned at bay, and how the headstrong "Egfrid, with the flower of his nobles, lay a ghastly ring of corpses on the far-off moorlands of Nechtansmere."

DECLINE OF NORTHUMBERIA.

This disastrous overthrow struck a blow at the greatness of Northumbria from which it never fully recovered. Following up their advantage, the Picts overran the exposed parts of their enemies' land, put the terrified population to the sword, and scattered the monks and nuns in search of safer retreats on the southern side of the Cheviots. It was a terrible time for the Lothian district while this rapine and bloodshed lasted; but the devastation ceased with the retreat of the Angles, and the Picts settled themselves strongly on the territory they had regained. All the lands north of the Tweed passed out of the possession of Northumbria, and all subsequent efforts failed to bring them again permanently into subjection. On the southern boundary, too, there was a similar curtailment. Ethelred, who had succeeded Wulfere, as King of Mercia, was no sooner made acquainted with the full extent of the Northern defeat than he set about the re-conquest of Lincoln. The time was admirably suited for the task, as there were few fighting men left to resist any serious attack. One after another the Northumbrian garrisons were driven from their posts; and then, being chased across the Humber, they were further mortified by an invasion of their own stricken land. There were many small conflicts, and much havoc wrought, before a peace could be secured; but, through the instrumentality of the great Archbishop Theodore, the fighting was at length stopped, and the Mercians were at liberty for their famous struggle with Wessex for the supremacy of the entire kingdom.

WHAT THE NORTH HAD ACCOMPLISHED.

To Cuthbert, and men like him, the downfall of the Northern Kingdom was ominous of evil for both Church

and people. Everywhere, says Mr. Grant Allen, the monks had settled on the riverside groves, had cut down forests, driven out wolves and beavers, cultivated the soil with the aid of their tenants and serfs, and become colonizers and civilizers at the same that they were teachers and preachers. They had been pioneers in the reclamation of marsh lands, and had substituted stone for wood in the erection of their buildings. They had encouraged many handicrafts, invented many luxurious accessories for the home circle, and were gradually paving the way for a more elevating, peaceful, and comfortable state of existence amongst the people. The Anglo-Saxon Church had never possessed a more fruitful field than in this northern land, and nowhere else had art and letters been studied to greater advantage. Now that the powerful monarchs had departed, however, there seemed a prospect of all this good being undone. For a hundred years, Lindisfarne had been the centre of English religion, just as York had given the tone to English politics from the days of Ethelfrith. But though Northumbria had fallen, it had secured a magnificent record. "By its missionaries and by its sword," says Mr. Green, "it had won England from heathendom. It had given her a new poetic literature. Its monasteries were already the seat of whatever intellectual life the country possessed. Above all, it had been the first to gather together into a loose political unity the various tribes of the English people; and, by standing at their head for nearly a century, had accustomed them to a national life out of which England, as we have it now, was to spring."

EVENTFUL CHANGES.

Though Northumbria was shorn of much of its military glory after Nechtansmere, it did not fail to play a very conspicuous part in the national annals. It was not always a very dignified part, perhaps, nor yet a very useful one; but it serves to throw a little acceptable light on the state of society in which our Anglian predecessors existed. When Egfrid fell before the Picts, he left no children, and was succeeded by an illegitimate son of Oswy. This was Aldfrid, a man who had long been in exile amongst the Irish, and who, as Bede tells us, was very learned in Scripture. We know next to nothing of his reign, except that he devoted himself to Christian work, and maintained the country in a state of the utmost tranquillity for nearly nineteen years. This pious ruler was succeeded, in 705, by his son Osrid; but as the prince was then only eight years of age, he was compelled to carry on the government with the aid of several guardians. One of the chief of these was a relative of the king named Eadwulf, who at once began to organise a scheme by which he might put an end to the boy, and so secure the throne for himself. On this design becoming known to Berthfrid, another of the guardians, he took the Royal infant to the shelter of Bamborough, and there defied all the efforts of the would-be usurper to dislodge him. After keeping the country in a state of turmoil for a few

weeks, Eadwulf was quietly knocked on the head; and matters were then allowed to proceed in a somewhat humdrum fashion for the next half-dozen years. The Picts became active once more, in 711, and made a raid as far south as the Roman Wall—probably near Carrowborough—but they were there met by Berthfrid, who was now regent of the kingdom, and defeated with heavy loss. Affairs, however, were reaching a climax in another direction. As he approached manhood, Osrid began to sow his wild oats in a manner that even the nobles of that day could not excuse. He broke away from his advisers, indulged in the most vicious pursuits, and, in 716, was murdered near Windermere, by two of his relatives, named Cenrid and Osric. The former of these assassins succeeded to the vacant throne, and reigned for above three years; while Osric rather feebly wielded the sceptre from 719 till 731. He, in turn, was then put to death by a party of his opponents; and Ceowulf, who is said to have been a descendant of Ida, was crowned king in his stead. This ruler, who was a highly intelligent man, was held in great esteem by the priests; and Bede even dedicated his "Ecclesiastical History" to him. But though a man of letters, Ceowulf was unfitted for authority in the turbulent times in which he lived. He was more than once suspected of absolute cowardice, and was seized, shorn, and shut up in a monastery, by the fierce chieftains around him. He obtained his release in due course, and carried on a semblance of kingship; but, as he was always terrified of treason, and could with difficulty defend his frontiers, he voluntarily abandoned his uneasy position about 738, and assumed the cowl as a monk of Lindisfarne.

THE DARKNESS AFTER BEDE'S DEATH.

For many years after this period we have no consecutive sketch of the warlike operations in Northumbria. Bede had died at Jarrow, in 755, and his works were still casting a halo of glory upon his country. What



with his learning, and teaching, and writing, he had made the Tyneside Monastery famous throughout the Christian world, and had earned for it a reputation as the greatest literary centre of Western Europe. No schools were more famous than his; no life more simple and unaffected. Nearly all that is known of these early

times must be credited to his pen; and when the action of that pen was stilled by death, we have a blank which deprives us of many an interesting recital. "First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in the monk of Jarrow that English literature strikes its root." This is almost renown enough for one district, even though its warlike glory had been less than we have shown it to be.

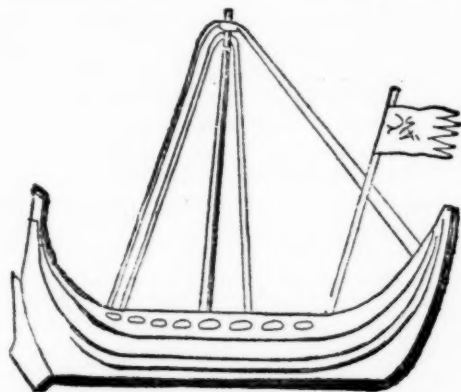
FROM BAD TO WORSE.

But though shorn of some of its possessions, and powerless for aggressive wars, Northumbria could not yet be subjugated. Kings had come to the throne, quarrelled with their chiefs, and disappeared; but they had managed so keep their territory out of the grasp of the now all-powerful Mercians. Eadbert, who was king in 765, did a little to retrieve the lost repute. Having allied himself with the Picts, under Angus McFergus, he was able to hurl back the midland hordes that sought to invade him. Though not daring to venture south of the Humber, the allies kept together, and sought to recoup themselves by plunder. Turning into Strathclyde, therefore, they pounced upon the Britons, drove them away to the north, and, in the end, compelled them to submit at Alclud—the site of the present town of Dumbarton. But despite these brilliant achievements, Eadbert was utterly unable to check the growing anarchy in his own land. It was a source of unceasing trouble to him, and compelled him, eventually, to fling down his sceptre for the sake of a peaceful refuge in the cloisters of Lindisfarne. From this time, for many years, "the history of Northumbria is only a wild story of lawlessness and bloodshed." There had been strange sights in the sky that were regarded as portents of coming evil. Horrible lightnings had crossed the heavens, dragons had abandoned their usually secluded haunts, and these—together with mists, and frosts, and darkness that had never been equalled—were looked upon as omens against which it was useless to fight. There almost seemed reason for the popular superstition. "King after king was swept away by treason or revolt, the country fell into the hands of its turbulent nobles, the very fields lay waste, and the entire district was scourged by famine and plague." Of fourteen rulers who struggled for power, in little more than half a century, six were murdered by their kinsmen or rivals, five were turned adrift by their indignant subjects, two became monks, and only one died in the full dignity of kingship. The condition of the country was so wretched, indeed, that anything worse could hardly be imagined. And yet a time was quickly to arrive when the anarchy of the eighth century, with all its horrors, was to pale before the brutal savagery and ruthless destruction of a new foe.

THE DANES AS INVADERS.

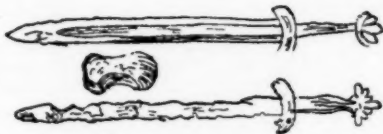
While Northumbria was being weakened by internal broils, and its puppet kings were being expelled or restored at the will of hostile factions, its independence was threatened by a far more terrible adversary from

without. Band of Danish adventurers were beginning to make descents on the coast, just as their Anglian brethren had done three and a half centuries earlier. Their boats were larger and stronger, perhaps, and their military tactics more scientific; but they were quite as rude and uncultivated as their predecessors had been, and quite as devoted to their idolatrous worship of Woden. They were all familiar with the sea, and could handle their cruel weapons as effectively as they could ply the oar. When they landed on the English coast they were possessed of two kinds of craft. The chiuie, for ocean service, was of considerable breadth, and could carry from 120 to 150 fighting men. It was tapered at both ends—the prow and stern being considerably higher than the sides—and had a rudder fixed pretty much after the fashion now in vogue. In appearance it is said to



have resembled somewhat the Tyneside keels, and to have been partly propelled by a sail attached to a mast in the very centre of the vessel. Being of too great draught for river work, they were accompanied by shallow coracles that could not only make their way up the smallest creeks, but could be easily carried overland from one waterway to another. On nearing the scene of any contemplated exploit, the invaders drew their tiny barks to shore, and then, after constructing a barrier around them for the protection of the guard, they hurried away for the rich booty that formed their principal aim. If, as sometimes happened, they met a superior force, they fled to their boats and quickly disappeared. This, however, was only a strategical move, and meant to disarm the popular vigilance. The Danes invariably returned with a greatly increased force, and never failed to wipe out the ignominy of their retreat by a complete and terrible vengeance. As fighting men they were extremely valorous. Their chief weapons consisted of a sword, a mace, and a club-ended battle-axe, and as these were all made of finely-tempered metal, and were wielded by arms long inured to hardship, they made many a detachment of Saxons quail. But the Danes were not only formidable along

the coast line. They often diversified their proceedings by a dash at some prize in the interior. As quicker transit was necessary for these inland enterprises, they helped themselves to all the horses they could find, and, being tolerably good riders, made many surprising journeys. Here, again, they were fully alive to their own security. Their night camps were always chosen with commendable skill, and were fortified with great alacrity. In every case the position was enclosed by a deep ditch and rampart, and occasionally had a double or treble line. When



thus protected, and aided by their bows and arrows, they were able to turn many a gallant attack into an utter rout before even the outer earthwork had been reached. As archery amongst the Angles had become almost extinct, it is more than likely that these Danish successes led to that marvellous proficiency with the bow for which Englishmen were in later days so famous.

DANISH ATROCITIES AND INTERNAL DISSENSIONS.

Though the Danes only commenced their depredations in Wessex, in 787, they lost no time in carrying fire and sword into every exposed part of the island. By 793 they were at work along the shores of Northumbria, and as the people, at the moment, were fighting over the restoration of Ethelred, a son of Mollo, they were in no condition to offer an effectual resistance. It was a golden opportunity for the Pagans. "Like stinging hornets," says Simeon of Durham, "they over-ran the country in all directions; like fierce wolves plundering, tearing, and killing, not only sheep and oxen, but priests and levites, and choirs of monks and nuns. At Lindisfarne, they laid all waste with dreadful havoc, trod with unhallowed feet the holy places, dug up the altars, and carried off the treasures of the Church. Some of the brethren they killed; some they bore away in chains; many they cast out naked, and loaded with insults; some they drowned in the sea." Amid this turmoil, Ethelred was slain by his own countrymen, and Eardulf was hoisted to the rickety throne. Then followed more disasters. In 794 the Danes entered the Tyne, plundered the monastery at Jarrow, and renewed their career of extermination. The enormity of their misdeeds caused a momentary suspension of the rivalry amongst the Angles, and they hastened to avenge the destruction that had been wrought. Without waiting for a fight, however, the invaders took to their boats, swept down the river, and made all haste for the open sea; but the waves being high upon the bar, many of the vessels were damaged, and their occupants

were compelled to face the fury of their pursuers. The issue was never doubtful. Though they fought with the strength of giants and the ferocity of despair, they were borne down by sheer weight of numbers, and died to a man in their efforts to gain a place of safety. When freed from this danger, the Northumbrians again resumed the slaughter amongst themselves. By 806, the enemies of Eardulf managed to depose him in favour of Alfwold, and the hostilities waxed hotter than ever. Then, by another turn of the constantly revolving wheel, Eardulf was restored to his old place and power, and began to punish all who had ventured to assail him. In a year, however, he once more dropped off the stage, and Eanred assumed the mantle of authority. The Danes, meanwhile, had renewed their acquaintance with the district, and done pretty much as they liked. They had wreaked their vengeance on the wealthy monastery at Tynemouth; they had desolated the venerable creation of Benedict Biscop on the Wear; they had left their deplorable marks on the old home of Hilda at Hartlepool; and had obliterated many valuable records of Caedmon and his coadjutors at Whitby. From one end of Northumbria to the other the seats of learning had been pillaged, their treasures appropriated, and manuscripts of inestimable value scattered to the four winds of heaven. Though people of the same race, speaking the same language, and the same in physical appearance, the Dane despised the Angle for his change of faith, and punished him terribly as a renegade to "the true religion."

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

The ruins of the Monastery at Jarrow, as shown in our first sketch, are taken from a picture in "Surtees' History of Durham." It may not be generally known that this famous building owed its origin to the action of King Egfrid. During one of his visits to the magnificent religious house which Benedict Biscop had founded at Wearmouth, the monarch is said to have been so deeply impressed by the many wonders he saw there, that he granted lands for the erection of a similar structure on the south bank of the Tyne. On the completion of the new edifice, Bede—who was then but a boy—became a resident student, and won for the place a reputation that was unrivalled throughout the land. Jarrow, like most monastic settlements, was made desolate during the ravages of the Danes, and so remained till after the Conquest. But though its walls were wrecked, and its treasures dispersed, a few holy men continued to cling to the neighbourhood, and were thus able to afford a much-needed resting-place for the bones of St. Cuthbert in 1069. When the whole country lay at the mercy of Duke William, and something like order was restored amongst the people, it was to the ruins of Jarrow that the Southern monks made their pilgrimage, and from thence they began their successful mission for the restoration of the Benedictine order. On the murder of Bishop Walcher by the mob at Gateshead, it was the Jarrow monks who recovered the body, conveyed it to their own retreat by water, and ultimately secured it decent burial at Durham.

Our illustration of the chiule comes from Iona. It is there to be seen on the tombstone of Lachlan McKinnon, who is said to have been descended from a race of Norwegian kings.

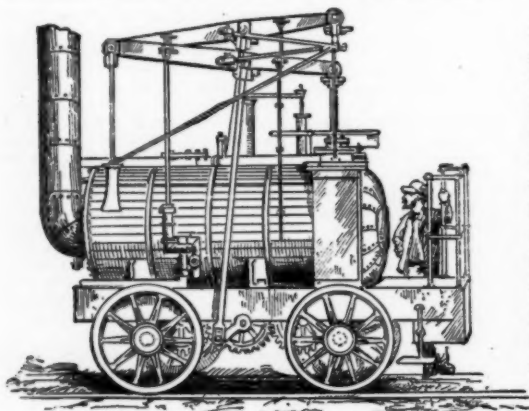
The swords and axe-head are drawn from specimens in the British Museum.

Illustrations of Railway Development.



ALTHOUGH George Stephenson is rightly regarded as the "Father of Railways"—for it was he who first made the locomotive a practical success for traffic—the idea of a steam engine for traction had been previously worked out by several mechanical geniuses. Thus, Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian obtained a patent in 1802 for a high pressure locomotive engine, which, when the inventor had made certain improvements in it, was found capable of drawing a carriage on a circular railway at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

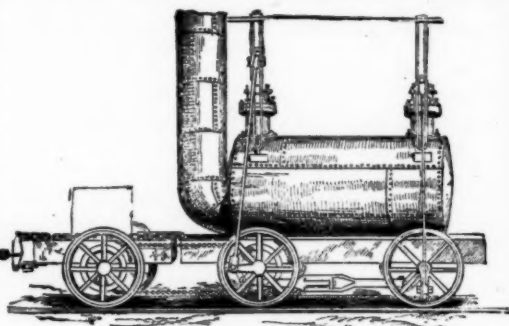
In 1813, Mr. William Hedley, of Wylam Colliery, made the first travelling locomotive engine, or substitute for animal power in the traction of coal waggons, ever seen in the North. The coal was worked on the south side of the Tyne, conveyed under the river to the bottom of the shaft, and drawn up there; and from thence it was sent by the locomotives on a tramway to Lemington, a distance of above five miles. Each engine drew ten waggons, carrying eight chaldrons of coals, or $21\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and sometimes a dozen or more waggons were dragged by one engine. Strangers used to be struck with surprise and astonishment on seeing a locomotive engine moving majestically along the road at the rate of four or five miles an hour, drawing along from ten to fourteen loaded waggons; and their surprise was increased on witnessing the extraordinary facility with which the engine was managed. This invention was deemed a noble triumph of science, and so it really was, considering the time; but "Puffing Billy," as Hedley's locomotive was christened by the people near, is now only a curiosity, though it kept the road for a considerable time. The escapes of the jets of steam at high pressure, indeed, caused so much annoyance to the owners of horses in the neighbourhood,



PUFFING BILLY, 1813.

that the engine had to be stopped whenever a cart or carriage approached, and the working of the traffic was thus seriously interrupted, until Billy's manners were improved by an ingenious arrangement for allowing the steam to escape gradually.

George Stephenson, who had been for some time experimenting on the subject, constructed in 1815 the engine of which a figure is here given, and which was



STEPHENSON'S ENGINE, 1815.

a great improvement in many respects, and particularly in the simplicity of its mechanism, to Hedley's engine. It weighed about eight tons, and could make a speed of nearly sixteen miles an hour—in those days quite a marvel—but with this disadvantage, that the chimney often became red-hot when running at that rate. But George was one of those extraordinary men to whom failure in any task, not physically impossible, is an unrecognised thing; and though his first locomotive was not very efficient, he was never satisfied till he had improved it so far as to come up somewhat near his own ideal. Mr. Goldworthy Gurney's grand improvement of the steam blast was utilised by him to carry his experiments to a triumphal issue.

In 1820, Stephenson was appointed engineer for the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway; and when that line was opened on the 27th September, 1825, his locomotive engine was called into requisition, and drew a train of thirty-eight carriages, fully loaded with coals, goods, and passengers, exclusive of the tender with coals and water, a distance of eight and three-quarter miles in sixty-five minutes, the speed in some parts being frequently twelve miles an hour, and, in one place for a short distance, near Darlington, fifteen miles per hour. On this occasion the fields on each side of the railway may be said to have been literally covered with ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and pedestrians of all kinds. A man rode in front carrying a flag, as may be seen in our engraving.

The rapid growth of the trade of South Lancashire, together with the unpopular management of the Bridgewater Canal, gave rise in 1821 to the project of a railway

between Liverpool and Manchester. Stephenson, who had meanwhile fully established his reputation as a practical man, was chosen engineer by the directors, with a salary of £1,000 a year. He proposed to work the line with locomotive engines going at the rate of twelve miles an hour—an idea which was held up by some incredulous critics as sufficient to stamp the project as a bubble. "Twelve miles an hour!" exclaimed a writer in the *Quarterly Review*: "as well trust oneself to be fired off from a Congreve rocket!"

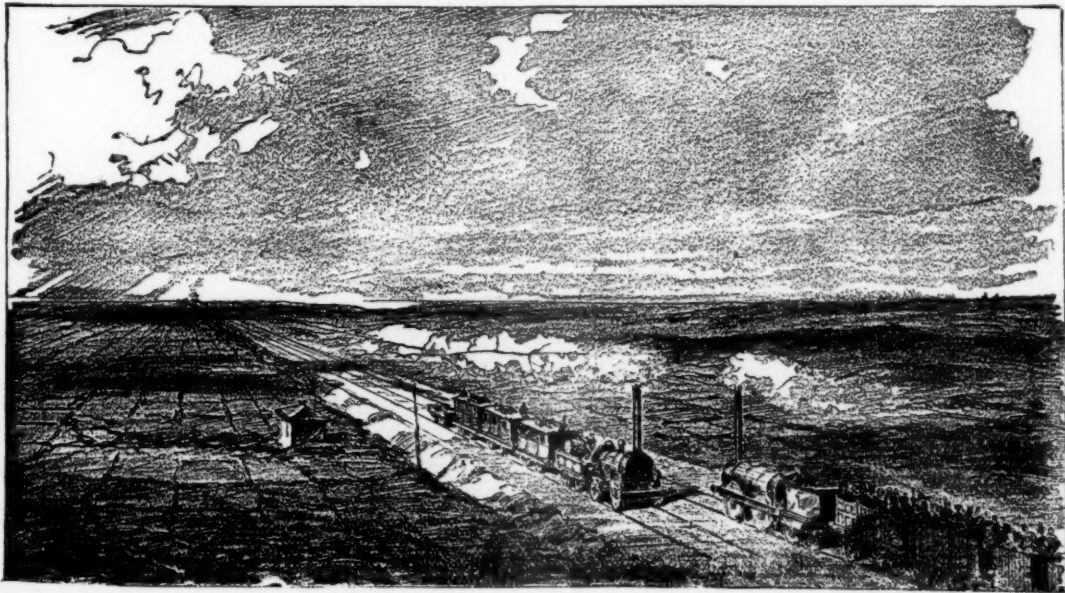
It had been originally contemplated to work the trains by horses; but locomotives having been long used in conveying coal in the Newcastle district, it was believed that they might be used to draw passengers with advantage. The company consequently offered a reward of £500 to the maker of the best locomotive, particularising certain conditions necessary to be fulfilled. The trial took place on the 6th October, 1829, at Rainhill, near Liverpool, on a level piece of the railway one mile and three quarters in length. The distance to be run was seventy miles, backwards and forwards, thus giving forty stoppages. The following engines appeared:—The "Novelty," made by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson, of London, but this was withdrawn, in consequence of some derangement in her pipes shortly after starting; the "Rocket," made by Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., of Newcastle, weighing 4 tons 9 cwt., which did the seventy miles in six and a-half hours—an average speed of somewhat over five and a-half minutes per mile—and so gained the prize; the "Perseverance," made by Mr.

Burstal, of Leith; and the "Sans Pareil," made by Mr. Timothy Hackworth, of Darlington. The two latter came in second and third. The "Rocket" afterwards astonished everybody by drawing a carriage containing

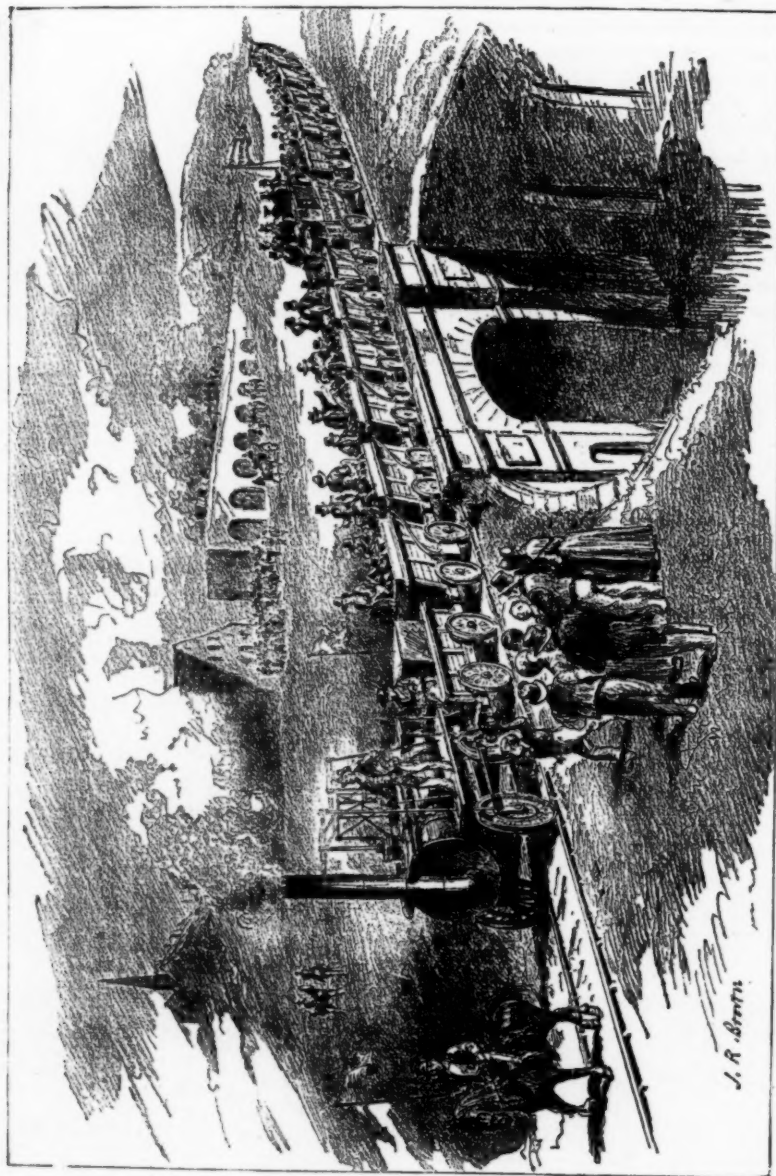


STEPHENSON'S ENGINE, "ROCKET."

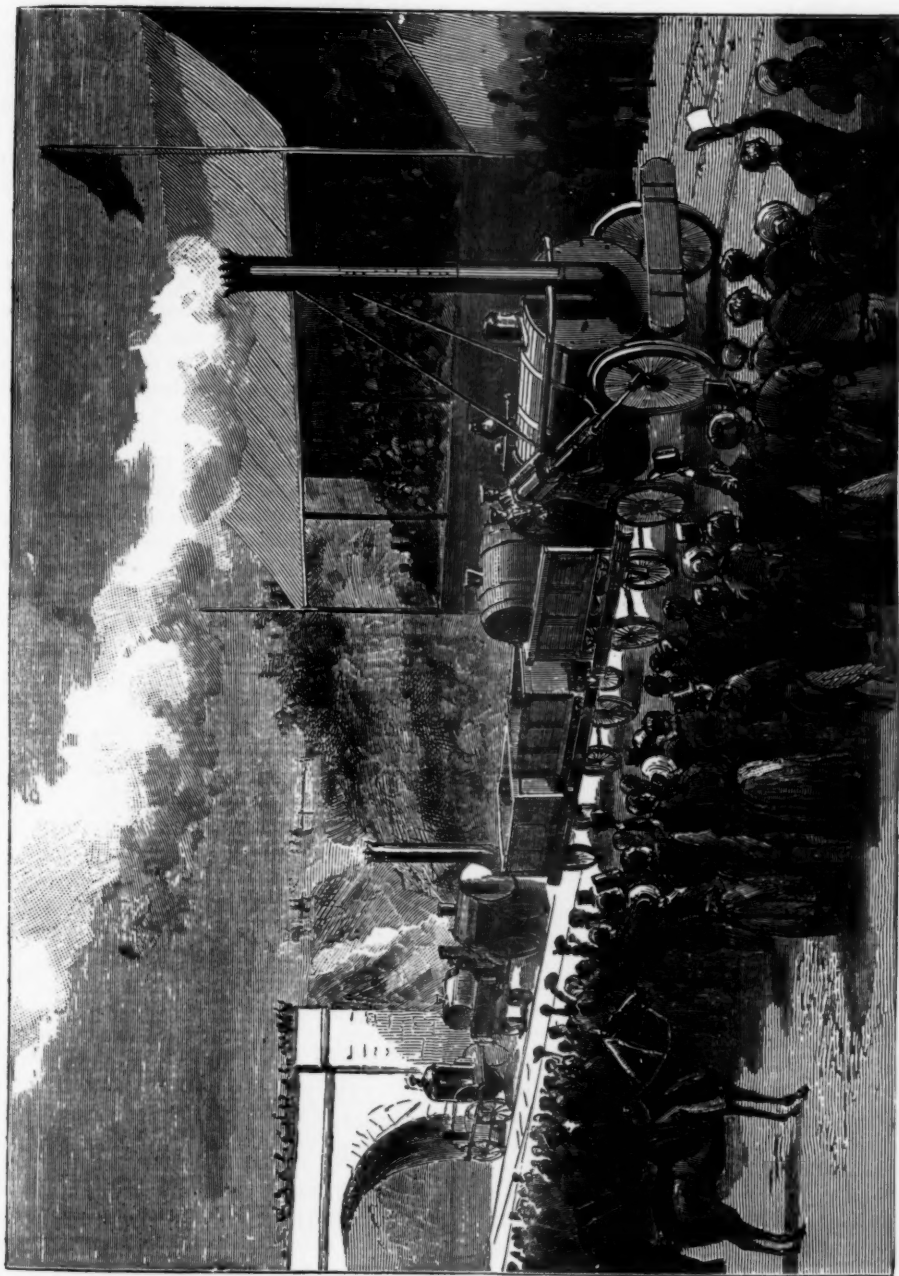
from twenty to thirty passengers up the Whiston inclined plane, rising 1 in 96, at rates of from fifteen to eighteen miles per hour. Yet, marvellous as was the "Rocket" in its day, it would now be looked upon by railway engineers as a pretty toy. For it was soon discovered that the bite and steadiness of the locomotive on the rails were of so much importance as to counteract the dis-



CHAT MOSS, SHOWING STEPHENSON'S LINE.



OPENING OF STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY, SEPT. 27, 1825.



THE RAINHILL COMPETITION, 1829: THE "ROCKET" FIRST.

advantage of the *vis inertiae* of increased weight; and therefore locomotives began to be made always heavier and heavier, till some of them are now, we believe, upwards of twenty tons weight.

One of the most difficult parts of the Liverpool and Manchester line to make was that over Chat Moss, a huge bog, between Bury Lane and Patricroft, comprising an area of twelve square miles, so soft as to yield to the foot of man or beast, and in many parts so fluid that an iron rod laid upon the surface would sink out of sight by its own weight. It varied from ten to thirty-five feet in depth, and the bottom was composed of sand and clay. On the eastern border, for about a mile and a-half, the greatest difficulty in the construction of the road occurred. Here an embankment of about twenty feet above the natural level was formed, the weight of which, resting on a soft base, pressed down the original surface; many thousand cubic yards gradually and silently disappeared before the desired level was attained; but, by degrees, the whole mass beneath and on either side of this embankment became consolidated by the superincumbent and lateral pressure, and the work was finally completed at less expense than any other part of the line. Hurdles of brushwood and heath were placed under the wooden sleepers, which supported the rails over the greater part of this moss; so that the road might be said to float on the surface. And on the 1st of May, 1830, the "Rocket" steam-engine, with a carriage full of company, passed over the roadway, along the whole extent of Chat Moss, thus affording the first triumphant proof of the possibility of forming this much-contested line.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Melford.

Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth,

A NORTHUMBRIAN COURTIER.



HERE is an exciting passage in local history which describes the wonderful ride of Sir Robert Carey, of Widdrington Castle, who, on New Year's Day, March 25, 1603, spurred madly through Newcastle on his way from the death-bed of Queen Elizabeth to the Court of James VI. of Scotland, and who, notwithstanding "sundry shift of horses, and some falls that bruised him very sore," contrived to be the first to salute the Scottish monarch as King of England.

Robert Carey was a son of Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, Governor of Berwick, whose father, William Carey, an equire of the body to Henry VIII., married Mary,

sister of Annie Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth's mother. Born in 1560, the youngest of ten, he was trained to the life of a courtier and diplomatist, and introduced, soon after he arrived at manhood, to a career in Parliament. The burgesses of Morpeth elected him to be one of their members in 1584; he sat for that borough in three successive Parliaments; and he was returned for the county of Northumberland afterwards. But a seat in the House of Commons was not much to his liking. He used it merely as a stepping-stone to preferment. The favours of the Court and the triumphs of diplomacy were the objects of his ambition. To live alternately in the sunshine and the shadow of royal caprice, to be sent upon royal errands, and to form part of royal embassies, were pursuits dearer to him than skill in debate or achievements in legislation. His father's influence, his cousinship to the Queen, and his own resolute and courageous character enabled him to gratify his wishes. He became an accomplished courtier, an able diplomatist, a trusted servant of the Crown.

In after life Carey wrote a copious account of the principal events of his career. He tells us that the first important mission with which the Queen entrusted him was one of a delicate character, which nobody else about the Court cared to undertake. Mary Queen of Scots had been executed, and he was sent to her son, King James, to declare that Queen Elizabeth was innocent of her death. The errand was fraught with peril, for the Scots



were excited, and threatened to murder the apologist if he attempted to cross the border. James would not allow him to run the risk; he sent messengers to receive the protestation, and Carey delivered it with becoming dignity at the frontier, within the bounds of his father's governorship. A few months later, when the storm had blown over, he was despatched upon another embassy to

the Scottish King, found him at Dumfries, stayed with him a fortnight, being "nobly entertained" the while, and returned to London, "where the Queen and council allowed very well" of what he had done.

The following year (1588) the Spanish Armada made its appearance, and he joined the fleet that was sent out to disperse it. When by fire and tempest the pride of Spain had been broken, he and Lord Cumberland brought the news to Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury. Her Majesty appointed him again to be her ambassador to the Scottish monarch, but he was stricken down by fever and could not execute his mission. His next employment was with Lord Essex in France, where he assisted at the siege of Rouen. In adjusting a quarrel between the Queen and Essex which arose out of this expedition, he was fortunate enough to please both parties, was knighted on the field, and on his return was received at Court with honour, the Queen giving him out of the Exchequer £1,000 to pay his debts. Then, finding time hang heavily on his hands, he accepted from Henry Lord Scroop, his brother-in-law, the deputy-wardenship of the West Marches, left the Court, and entered upon the duties of his office at Carlisle.

On the 20th of August, 1593, he married, at Berwick, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hugh Trevanion, and widow of Sir Henry Widdrington, of Widdrington, who held for life, under the will of her deceased husband, the castle and manor of Widdrington, and the manors of Woodhorn and Linton. His own account of the alliance and its immediate result is amusing:—

I married a gentlewoman, more for her worth than her wealth, for her estate was but five hundred pounds a-year jointure, and she had between five and six hundred pounds in her purse. Neither did she marry me for any great wealth, for I had in all the world but one hundred pounds a-year pension out of the Exchequer, and that was but during pleasure, and I was near a thousand pounds in debt; besides, the Queen was mightily offended with me for marrying.

Reconciliation with her Majesty was effected in a roundabout way, very pleasant to read, even in an abridgment of the narrative:—

My brother, Sir John Carey, that was then Marshal of Berwick, was sent to by the King of Scots to meet his Majesty on a matter of great importance that he would not trust the Queen's ambassador with, nor any other, unless it were my father, or some of his children. My brother sent notice to my father of the King's desire, and my father showed the letter to the Queen. Knowing (though she would not know) that I was in Court, she said: "I hear your fine son that has lately married so worthily is hereabouts: send him if you will to know the King's pleasure." My father answered he knew I would be glad to obey her commands. "No," said she, "do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him." [He went, and on returning to Court the Queen declined to see him, but he persisted in demanding an interview.] With much ado, I was called for in, and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and my wife, I told her that she herself was the fault of my marriage, that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours I had never left her, nor her Court, and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained my pardon. She was not

displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends.

Lord Hunsdon died in July, 1596, and the Queen ordered Sir Robert to undertake the duties of Warden till her further pleasure should be known. So he remained at Berwick, living at his own charge, and impoverishing his estate, for more than a year. Failing to obtain an allowance, he went to the Queen, and, gaining an interview by stratagem, was graciously received, secured a patent of the Wardenship, five hundred pounds, and the captaincy of Norham Castle. He had not been long settled in office before Lord Willoughby was made Governor of Berwick, and claimed the Wardenship. The claim being admitted, Sir Robert was appointed Warden of the Middle March, and took up his residence at Alnwick Abbey.

After five years spent in the discharge of his duties in Northumberland, Sir Robert went to Court again, found the Queen ill, obtained an interview, and heard a pitiful story. Her Majesty took him by the hand and "wringing it hard"; told him that "her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days," and in her discourse "she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs." She grew rapidly worse, "remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least; all about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed." He saw that the end was approaching, and began to look out for himself.

I wrote to the King of Scots (knowing him to be the right heir to the crown of England), and certified him in what state her Majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh; if of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it. On Wednesday, the 23rd of March [1602-3], she grew speechless. That afternoon by signs she called for her Council, and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her. About six at night she made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees, full of tears, to see that heavy sight. . . . I went to my lodging, and left word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call me if that night it was thought she would die, and gave the porter an angel to let me in at any time when I called. Between one and two o'clock on Thursday morning he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word the queen was dead.

The time for fulfilling his promise to King James had arrived. He went to the Palace to verify the statement that her Majesty was dead, and then set out on that flying journey to which reference is made at the beginning of this article.

I took horse between nine and ten o'clock, and that night rode to Doncaster (155 miles). The Friday night I came to my own house at Widdrington (300 miles) and presently took order with my deputies to see the borders kept in quiet, which they had much to do, and gave order the next morning the King of Scotland should be proclaimed King of England [there], and at Morpeth and Alnwick. Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edinburgh, and came to Norham about noon, so that I might well have been with the king at supper-time; but I got a great fall by the way. . . . The king was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate. I was quickly let in and carried up to the king's

chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. He gave me his hand to kiss and bade me welcome. After he had long discoursed of the manner of the Queen's sickness and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the Council. I told him none. And yet I had brought him a blue ring from a fair lady that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. He took it and looked upon it, and said, "It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger."

Sir Robert Carey was rewarded for his daring ride by a bedchamber appointment and promises of further promotion. He gave up his Wardenry, accompanied the king on his journey southward, entertained him at Widdrington *en route*, and was, for a time, a great favourite. But the king forgot his promises, dismissed his Northern gentlemen of the bedchamber, and amongst them Sir Robert Carey. Thus this accomplished courtier found himself suddenly thrown from sunshine into shade—his Wardenry gone, Norham taken from him, and a whole train of misfortunes following in rapid succession. For a time his prospects were of the darkest. But, exercising the virtue of patience, he waited, and at length he was somewhat unexpectedly restored to favour through the influence of his wife. The Duke of York (afterwards Charles I.) was a weak and puny child, and somebody was wanted to take a motherly care of him. None of the great ladies were willing to assume the responsibility, and it fell into Lady Carey's hands. She did so well by her charge that the King and Queen were highly pleased, and "by her procurement she got me a suit of the king [the charge of the duke's household] that was worth to me afterwards four or five thousand pounds."

Sir Robert Carey secured the attachment of the young prince, and held his office in spite of many intrigues. In 1621, he was created Baron of Leppington, and a few days after his admission to the peerage was sent to Spain on that memorable sweethearting expedition of the Prince and the Duke of Buckingham, which has made King James and his favourite the laughing-stocks of English history. When Charles ascended the throne he gave his faithful friend a pension of £500 a year, and, at his coronation, elevated him to the rank and title of Earl of Monmouth. Carey was sixty-five years old when this crowning honour came to him, and, passing the rest of his days in comparative retirement, he died on the 12th April, 1639, just in time to be spared the sight of civil war and the execution of the monarch whose childhood had been spent under his care.

The Rev. J. D. Carlyle, B.D.,

AN ERUDITE VICAR.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, son of a physician in the county town of Cumberland, was born on the 4th of June, 1758, and receiving his early education in his native place, entered Christ's College, and afterwards Queen's College, Cambridge. During his residence at the University, he became acquainted with a native of Bagdad, and, profit-

ing by the instructions he received from him, attained to unusual proficiency in Oriental languages. He graduated B.A. in 1779, and M.A. in 1783, and, returning home to Carlisle, obtained one of the city livings. Between 1792 and 1796 he took his degree of B.D., was elected to the professorship of Arabic in his University, and received the chancellorship of the diocese of Carlisle in succession to Dr. Paley. In the same interval he became an author. The Cambridge Press put forth from his pen in the latter part of 1792 a Latin translation of "Maured Allatafet Jemaledдини Filii Togri-Bardii," with a learned, critical, and very elegant commentary, and in 1796, "Specimens of Arabian Poetry, from the Earliest Time to the Extinction of the Khalifat, with some Account of the Authors"—a volume in which the originals were reproduced in characters of great beauty and taste. The intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature displayed in these books brought the author under the notice of Mr. Pitt. The Earl of Elgin had been appointed ambassador to the Porte, and it was thought desirable to send with him some person of learning who might improve the facilities, then offered by the friendly disposition of the Turkish Court, of examining the literary treasures to be found in the public libraries of Constantinople. Mr. Carlyle was eminently qualified for this work, and when Mr. Pitt offered him the post he accepted it without hesitation. The embassy left England in 1799, and as soon as it arrived at Constantinople Mr. Carlyle entered upon his duties. He explored libraries, examined archives and muniment rooms, purchased manuscripts, and prepared catalogues with the assiduity of a scholar and the zeal of a collector. Having exhausted the capital, he set out for the Turkish provinces, spent some time at Troad, surveying the traditional site of ancient Troy, passed over to Egypt, visited the Holy Land, and returned to Constantinople laden with literary treasure. Then he explored the ruined cities of Greece, and amongst other labours (assisted by the Rev. Philip Hunt, a native of Newcastle, and chaplain to the embassy) catalogued the books, &c., in the libraries of the twenty two monasteries of Mount Athos. His next tour was through parts of Italy, the Tyrol, and Germany, and in 1801, after two years' absence, he came back to his native land.

About the time of his return, the Rev. James Stephen Lushington, who had been presented to the living of Newcastle by his father-in-law, the Bishop of Carlisle, died. To the vacancy so created the bishop appointed Mr. Carlyle. He was inducted on the 5th October, 1801, and made chaplain, or one of the chaplains, to the Bishop of Durham soon afterwards. Taking up his residence in the old home of the vicars of Newcastle in Westgate Street, he formed projects for utilising his special gifts and the result of his travels. He prepared a "Dissertation on the Troad," a book of poetry, and "Observations made during a Tour through Lesser Asia, Syria, and Egypt." He also undertook, at the request of the

Bishop of Durham and other eminent persons, to superintend the printing of a correct edition of the Bible in Arabic, and had set his heart upon being able to produce, when these books were completed, an edition of the New Testament in Greek, to contain not only the various readings collected by Mill, Bengell, Wettstein, Griesbach, and Matthæi, but also those of more than thirty Greek manuscripts which he had collected during his travels, together with a new and accurate collation of the Syriac and other eminent versions. Unfortunately for literature, and for the town in which he had settled, he did not live to realise his desires. Injured probably by his exertions abroad, his health gave way very soon after he came to Newcastle, and the laborious work which he had projected was carried on amidst great suffering, which death ended on the 12th of April, 1804.

The literary projects which Mr. Carlyle left unfinished at his death were in part undertaken by others. His superintendence of the Arabic Bible (printed by Mrs. Hodgson, in Union Street, Newcastle) was continued by the Rev. Edward Moises and Dr. Ford, and completed in 1811. The book of poetry, with an introduction by Miss Carlyle, his sister, was printed by William Bulmer, at the Shakspeare Press, under the title of "Poems suggested chiefly by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria, and Greece, with Prefaces extracted from the Author's Journal, and Embellished with Two Views of the Source of the Scamander and the Aqueduct over the Simois." In this handsomely printed volume is a hymn which finds a place in every modern hymn book, commencing

Lord! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

—a hymn that has probably been sung hundreds of times at St. Nicholas' Church in happy ignorance that its composer was vicar there, and may have caught his inspiration while listening to the voice of prayer within its venerable walls.

The rest of Vicar Carlyle's MSS. do not appear to have been sufficiently advanced for publication, and the ultimate destination of them is unknown. Newcastle possesses no memorial of this erudite and amiable man, but his connection with the church is preserved by a remarkable eulogium which he bestowed upon its lantern-crowned tower. In local guides and handbooks the reader is assured, upon his authority, that the tower of St. Nicholas' is the most beautiful that exists in the world; surpassing the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the Mosque of Sultan Saladin at Jerusalem, the Church of St. Peter at Rome, and even the Temple of Minerva at Athens!

The Right Rev. James Chadwick, D.D.,

BISHOP OF HEXHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

At the episcopal residence, Rye Hill, Newcastle, on the morning of Monday, May 14, 1882, at the age of sixty-

nine years, died Dr. Chadwick, second bishop of the Catholic diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

Bishop Chadwick was descended from an old and honourable Lancashire family—the Chadwicks of Birkacre and Burgh Hall. His ancestors were devoted Catholics and pronounced Royalists. They had remained faithful to the ancient creed of Christendom through all vicissitudes of fortune. Neither temptation nor persecution shook their allegiance to the Pope, nor weakened their fidelity to the Stuarts. To their fostering care was chiefly due the preservation of the Catholic faith in Lancashire after the political crash of the '45 rebellion. One member of the family, the Rev. John Chadwick, distinguished himself especially in disarming Protestant hostility against the rebels, and in building up anew the Church of his forefathers. He was a great-uncle of the bishop, a



Bishop Chadwick.

man of genius and power, who narrowly escaped becoming a bishop himself. For some years he was professor of poetry and rhetoric at Douay, and, later in life, was appointed Vicar-General of the Northern District of England.

John Chadwick, father of the bishop, married Frances Dromgoole, of Lowth, and settled, in the early part of the century, at Drogheda. In that town, third son of this marriage, on the 24th April, 1813, the bishop first saw the light. When he had reached his twelfth year, he was entered as an alumnus at Ushaw College, then in the infancy of its history, under the presidency of Dr. John Gillow. He received the tonsure and minor orders from Bishop Briggs in December, 1835, and the following year was ordained deacon and priest. Remaining at Ushaw, he was appointed General Prefect, and later on was suc-

cessively Professor of Humanities, Mental Philosophy, and Pastoral Theology. About the year 1850 he joined a community of diocesan missionaries who had established themselves at Wooler, and helped to found the Church of St. Ninian and St. Cuthbert in that town. From Wooler as a starting point the missionaries spread themselves over the greater part of Northern England, until, in 1856, a fire destroyed their house and chapel, and compelled them to separate. Then Dr. Chadwick returned to Ushaw, resuming for two or three years his duties as professor, and afterwards officiating as chaplain to Lord Stourton. He again returned to Ushaw in 1863, and was filling the chair of Pastoral Theology there when the death of Bishop Hogarth (January 29, 1866) called him to higher duties.

Dr. Chadwick was elected Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle on the 12th August, 1866, was consecrated at Ushaw by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Manning in the following October, and was solemnly enthroned in November, at his Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Newcastle. The office he had undertaken was not a sinecure. His diocese extended over the counties of Cumberland, Durham, Northumberland, and Westmoreland—an area of 5,457 square miles—comprising eighty-one churches and chapels, eleven convents, and ninety-six priests. To superintend all these widely-scattered communities, and to provide for ever-increasing additions to his Church among the growing populations of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees was a task for a strong man. The new bishop was equal to the strain. He laboured incessantly, and never seemed to weary. When Monsignor Tate, president of Ushaw, died, in August, 1876, and Dr. Wilkinson, his successor, was taken away a month later, all eyes were turned towards Dr. Chadwick, and he was importuned to undertake the double duties of President and Bishop. Bravely he consented, and for a year filled both offices; but this task was beyond his strength, and he returned to Newcastle and devoted himself to his episcopal duties alone. How successful his performance of these duties was may be gathered from the fact that when he died the churches and chapels of his diocese had increased from eighty to a hundred and nine, monastic institutions from eleven to twenty-seven, and priests from ninety-six to a hundred and fifty-eight.

Excepting his pastorals Bishop Chadwick contributed little to the literature of his Church. He published in youth an Epic Poem on Judas Iscariot, describing his life and miserable end, but committed the greater part of the edition to the flames. In later life he wrote a poem upon the Yew Tree at Ushaw, tracing it back to the time of the Druids when they rested under the "Yewshade," from which the name of Ushaw is supposed to be derived. He also edited C. Leuthner's "Coelum Christianum," and "St. Teresa's Own Words, or Instructions on the Prayer of Recollection, arranged from her Way of Perfection." But incessant occupation left him little time for authorship.

His strength lay in teaching, governing, administering. As a college professor he had marvellous tact in attracting and instructing youth; as a bishop he succeeded in building up a powerful ecclesiastical organisation without giving offence to the Protestant community. On the day that he was buried in the college cemetery at Ushaw, the great bell of St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, tolled out the respect and veneration in which all classes of his fellow-citizens held him.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Gallowgate and Percy Street.

IT is hardly necessary to point out the reason for the name of Gallowgate. It is, of course, only the corruption of the more repellent name of Gallows' Gate. We have seen that the New Gate, hard by, was for centuries the common gaol of the town. Such of its prisoners as were condemned to suffer the last penalty of the law were led forth to die on the Town Moor by way of the road on which we are now entering. It cannot be said to be an inviting one, either from its ancient associations or its more modern surroundings; yet nevertheless it is one of the highways of Newcastle, and as such we may not altogether pass it by.

Starting on our journey, we note at the corner of Newgate Street on our left the Corporation Baths and Wash-houses, put up for the benefit of the residents in this locality.

Passing Dalrymple Court, as we wend our way along Gallowgate, we come to some old houses which still serve to show what the architecture of the old thoroughfare must have been at one time. The slate yard opposite was once the property of Alderman James Archbold, Sheriff in 1840, Mayor in 1846, who lived in one of these houses, and died there in 1849, leaving a considerable fortune. Here also lived, at the close of last century, Alderman James Rudman, Sheriff in 1772, and Mayor in 1784 and 1792. Now we pass Strawberry Lane, St. Andrew's Street, and Bulmer Street, which all tend towards the Leazes; and as we approach Darn Crook, formerly called Heron Street, at this point, we are reminded by our organs of smell that we are in the neighbourhood of a tannery. Nearer to the Leazes, Sir Cuthbert Heron, a prominent townsman of his day, had one of his houses; but the time for greatness of this sort has long since passed away from the locality.

Gallowgate is continued, in straggling fashion, by the Barrack Road—the road leading to the Barracks. Here the engine works of Messrs. Thompson and Boyd once gave employment to several hundred men; but the firm

could not stand the strain of the nine hours strike, and the extensive premises stood idle and empty for years. Above these works is Spring Garden Terrace, which derives its name from Spring Gardens, "formerly used as a place of genteel resort, where the gay and fashionable were entertained in tents, and amused with music, singing, &c." It was in these gardens that William Shield, the composer of "The Wolf," "The Thorn," and many other well-known songs, at one time acted as musical conductor. Passing on, we come to Todd's Nook; the Barrack Square, where formerly married soldiers were housed; a lane in which are two dismantled windmills; and so to the Barracks proper, which have of late years been greatly increased in size and accommodation.

Such, then, is the Gallowgate of the present, with its extension, the Barrack Road, to boot. But what of the Gallowgate of the past? We find it called Galogate, as far back as the reign of Edward IV. We know the reason for that name. The fatal tree to which it is due stood near the entrance to the Town Moor, in a place called Gallows-hole. Who were its victims, or its fruits? Here is the answer, going no further back than 1751. In that year, Richard Brown, keelman, suffered death on the Moor, for the murder of his daughter, sixteen years of age, by throwing her down stairs. In 1754, a woman was the victim of the law—Dorothy Cantinby, a widow—executed for the murder of her illegitimate child. Four surgeons, after her death, dissected her body and lectured upon it. She left two sons and a daughter by her lawful husband. The sons drowned themselves for very desperation at the thought of their mother's ignominious end; the daughter went to a remote part of the country, where she might live without reproach. Alice Williamson, an old offender, suffered for burglary in 1758; and in 1764 Sandgate gave its tribute to the Town Moor "stob" in the person of George Stewart, a pawnbroker. Robert Lindsay, a keelman, mounted a wall in a lane near to the pawnbroker's house. Stewart's wife saw this peeping Tom, and asked him to get down and go home. He refused; high words passed; and at length the angry wife struck at the aggressor out of the window with a pair of tongs. The quarrel raged more furiously than ever, and at last Stewart himself rose out of bed, took a loaded gun from his bed-head, and told Lindsay fairly that "if he would not go down he would shoot him." Still the stupid man refused, and Stewart snapped the gun at him. It missed fire, and the wife was asked to bring some more powder. She did so, and primed her husband's gun for him. He fired, and Lindsay fell dead. For this Stewart was hanged.

The next victim of the law on the Moor was William Alexander, who was executed in November, 1783, for the forgery of a bill of exchange. A legal technicality delayed his execution after trial and sentence; for one of the jury had not been returned on the sheriff's panel, but had been summoned in mistake instead of his father.

The informality was submitted to the consideration of the twelve judges, who decided that the conviction was, notwithstanding, legal and binding. Meanwhile, it became evident that Alexander was "a person of cultivated mind, and he was supposed to belong to some respectable family in Scotland." Ultimately, he was taken from Newgate to the place of execution in a mourning coach provided by the Sheriff, and was attended by the prison ordinary and a Dissenting minister. "On his road, and after his arrival at the gallows, he read, with the greatest composure, the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. He alighted from the coach and ascended the cart with the greatest firmness, and proceeded to address the spectators from a written form which he had previously composed."

A great moral lesson was taught at the next execution, in 1786, when Henry Jennings suffered for horse-stealing. On the gallows he gave an explanation of the cant terms used by highway robbers and pickpockets, which he desired to have published for the benefit of the public at large. Now for the moral lesson. "During the awful ceremony, a boy named Peter Donnison was apprehended picking the pocket of a gentleman standing near the foot of the gallows." In 1795, Thomas Nicholson, a pitman, suffered death on the Moor for the murder of one Thomas Purvis, a carver and gilder. This murder occurred during the races at Newcastle. Purvis and a party of pitmen were in a tent on this same Moor, and high words rose amongst them. The result was that the pitmen waylaid the unfortunate Purvis, and used him most brutally. But Nicholson alone suffered death, "as it was stated that, after the rest left, Nicholson, to complete the horrid act, returned and jumped upon the body." In 1817, Charles Smith suffered for the murder of Charles Stuart. In 1829, Jane Jameson was hanged, on the Nun's Moor, for the murder of her mother, an inmate of the Keelmen's Hospital, by stabbing her to the heart with a red-hot poker. The last to be hanged on the Town Moor was Mark Sherwood, in 1844, for the murder of his wife in Blandford Street. There are old residents amongst us who still remember the execution, and narrate how the condemned man was carted to the place of execution sitting on his own coffin.

These punishments cost money. As a curiosity, now that we have no more of them in public, we append the order of the procession, and a list of the expenses, attending the execution of Jane Jameson just mentioned:—

The town sergeants on horseback, in black, with cocked hats and swords; the town marshal, also on horseback, in his official costume; the cart, with the prisoner sitting on her coffin, guarded on each side by eight free porters with javelins, and ten constables with their staves; then came a mourning coach, containing the chaplain, the undersheriff, the gaoler, and the clerk of St. Andrew's. The expenses were:—To seven sergeants, 5s. each, £1 15s; twenty constables, 3s. 6d. each, £3 10s; sixteen free porters, 5s. each, £4; tolling St. Andrew's great bell, 2s. 6d.; executioner, £3 3s.; halter and cord, 3s.; cart and driver, 15s.; mourning coach, 15s. 6d.; nine horses for officers, 5s. each, £2 5s.; summoning twenty constables, 6d. each, 10s.; allowance for free porters,

sergeants, constables, &c., £2 18s.; a person attending the prisoner to the place of execution, 5s.; a joiner's bill, £2 5s. 3d.; allowance to joiners, 6s.; total, £28 13s. 3d.

Gallowgate was one of the districts of Newcastle which had the privilege of holding a "hop-ping"—or rural fair, with its shows, merry-go-rounds, and other diversions of a homely character, mixed with a good deal of dancing, or "hopping"—whence the name. It was held every year at Whitsuntide, and, next to that of the Forth, was the principal entertainment of the kind in the town. The engraving on page 274 is copied by permission from a painting by Mr. Wilson Hepple. A couple of herons, seen to the right of the picture, show the entrance gate to the mansion of Sir Cuthbert Heron.

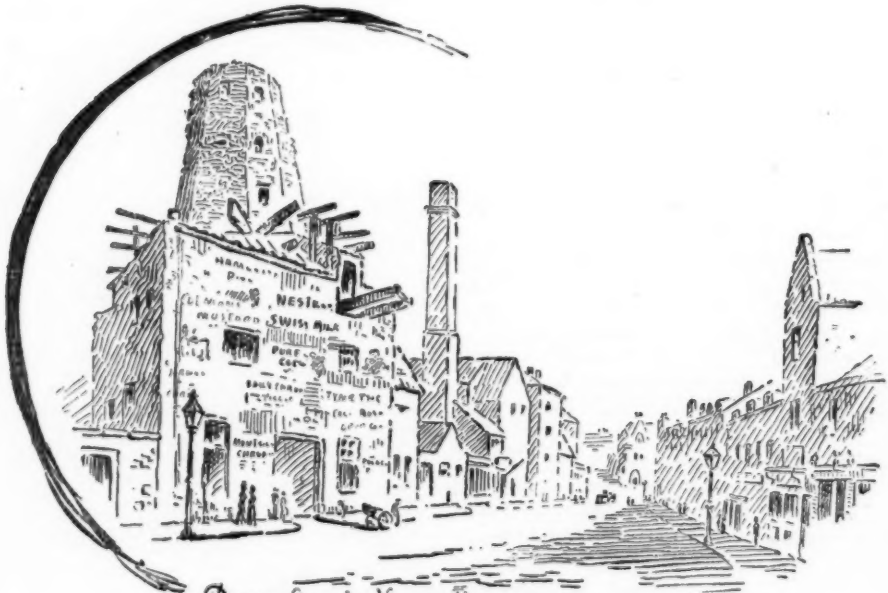
Percy Street, so named in compliment to the ducal family of Northumberland, commences at the entrance to Gallowgate. Originally this street was known as Sidgate. Some of the ancient houses on the left still remain to show us what this part of Newcastle was like in the olden days. In one of these lowly, old-fashioned houses, situated on our left as we walk up the street (the white house shown in our sketch on page 273), the celebrated Charles Hutton, LL.D., F.R.S., was born. So writes Mackenzie. But another authority, without affirming or

denying this statement, contents himself with saying that Hutton went to school here in his early years. The school was a house projecting into Percy Street from Gallowgate.



*Gallowgate, from Percy Street.
Newcastle, 1834.*

Near at hand, on the same side of the way, is Albion Street, at the further end of which is Albion Place. It, too, has its literary record, for here there lived and died John Trotter Brockett, F.S.A. (See Mr. Welford's



Dam Crook, Newcastle, 1834.

"Men of Mark," page 14.) It may be noted that the Jews have built a very handsome synagogue at the upper end of Albion Street, in lieu of an inconvenient structure formerly used by them in Temple Street, behind the Tyne Theatre. The next opening to the left is Leazes Lane,

opposite side of the way where we are now pausing. They were afterwards converted into the Church of England Institute. In the boys' school Richard Grainger, Samuel Storey, M.P. for Sunderland, and the late Alderman Thomas Forster, obtained their early education as "greenies," or free scholars. In Eldon Lane, adjoining, a melancholy case of stabbing, which proved fatal, occurred on April 15, 1841. One Henry Robson, a shoemaker, had four apprentices at work in his shop on that day, and one of them, named John Donkin, "larking on," as lads often do, snatched off the cap of another named Cattermole, and tossed it across the room. Cattermole, who was of weak intellect, thereupon seized a knife which happened to be only too conveniently at hand, and stabbed his tormentor in the thigh, with such effect that, four days later, he died. For this act, Cattermole was brought up at the assizes, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

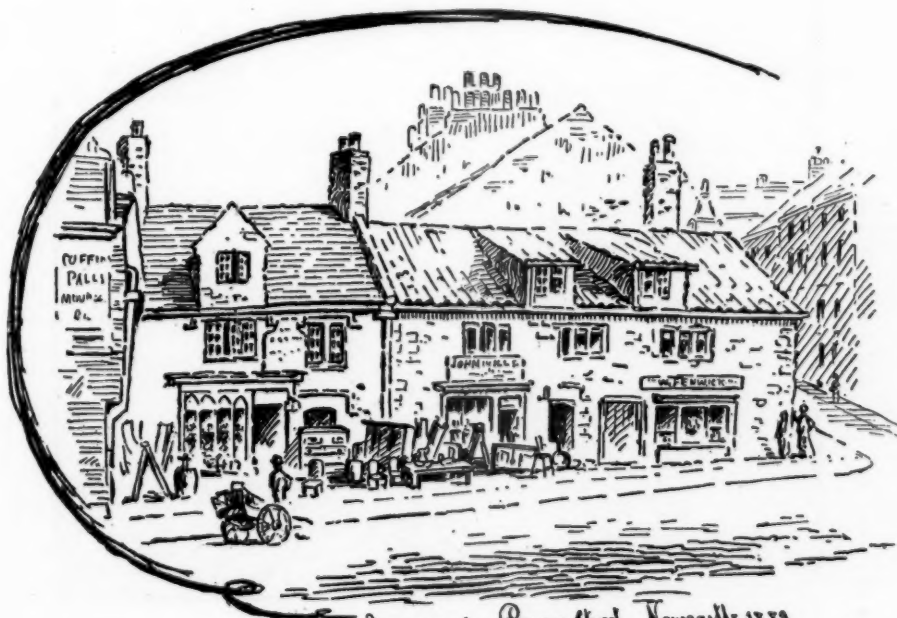


Old houses in Percy Street,
Newcastle, 1839.

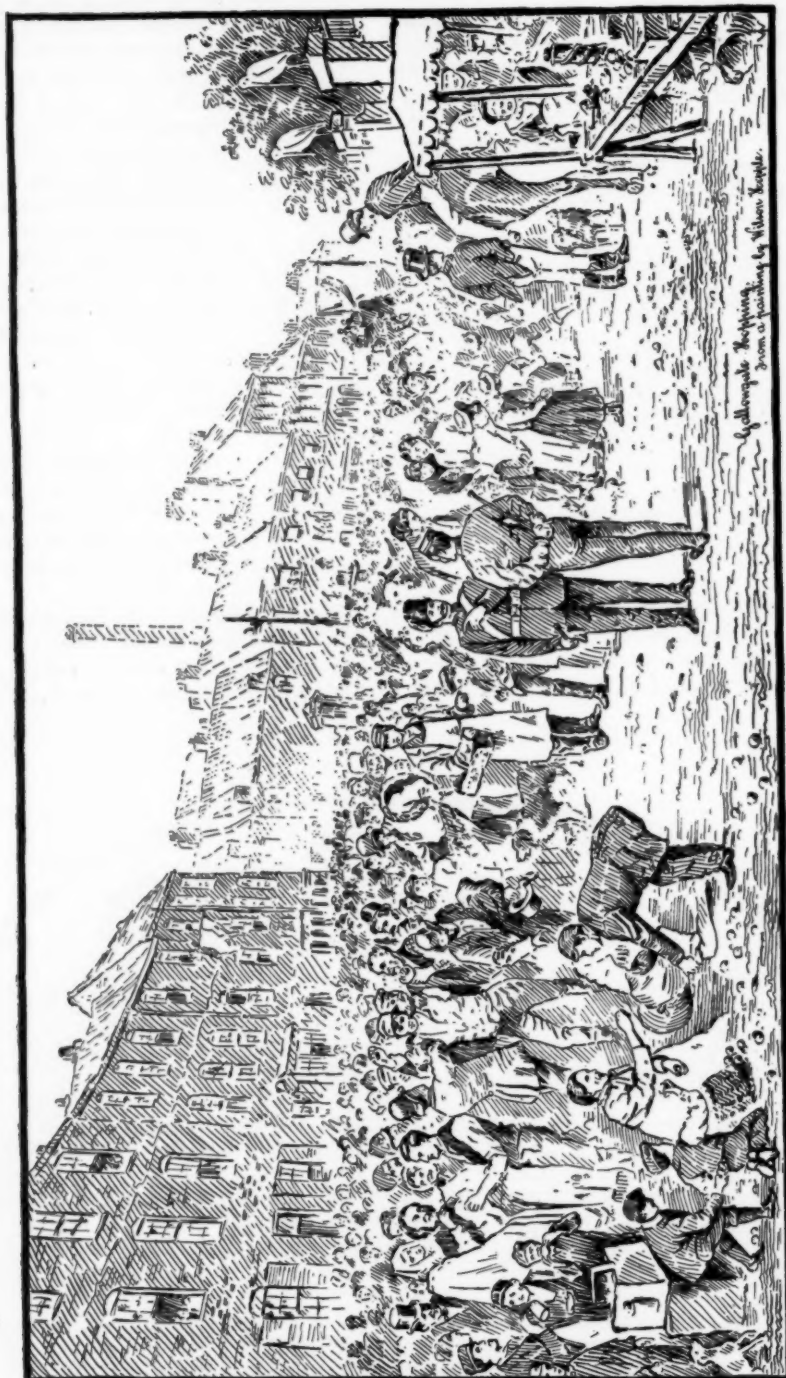
obviously named from the circumstance that it leads to the Leazes. Anciently this lane was known as Myln Chare, and afterwards as Blind Man's Lonnin, or Lane.

The old parish schools of St. Andrew's were on the

Keeping on our way to the right, we find ourselves at the Salvation Army Temple, flanked by a marine store on the one side and a provision shop on the other. The place was formerly known as the New Jerusalem



Corner in Percy Street, Newcastle, 1839.



Temple, and was the meeting-house of the Swedenborgians. "A bustling, insane, Methodist shoemaker, of Shields," says Mackenzie, seems to have been the first advocate of the peculiar doctrines of Swedenborg in this countryside. In Newcastle, the converts first met in the Nungate, then in the Turk's Head Long Room, next in the Smiths' Hall, then in Low Friar Street, until, in 1822, they commenced this building in Percy Street, which they opened in the following year. It cost £1,221. A good friend to the building was Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, to whose memory there is a tablet erected near the vestry. It records her name as that of the "Foundress of this Temple by a liberal donation of £422 4s." In early life, Elizabeth was a forlorn outcast, subsisting on casual charity. She went, in a humble way, into the hawking business, and in time joined her fortunes with one Norman, a pedlar, when they were able to boast of possessing rather more than £20 between them. With this capital they travelled and traded for some years, and finally settled in Hull, where Norman died, leaving his wife about £20,000. She was distinguished for generosity and charity, though she lived with such strict regard to frugality that it might almost be called penury. She married a second time, but again became a widow. To her honour be it recorded that, knowing well by experience what the want of education meant, for she could neither read nor write, she interested herself greatly in the education of the poor. Swedenborgianism is, on Tyneside, not too flourishing, though the Rev. J. R. Boyle, the late minister of the body, and one of the most active antiquaries in the city, did much to sustain it, and a local writer, "Lancelot Cross," in a work entitled, "Hesperides," has written an elaborate exposition of its tenets, to which the inquirer may be referred.

Prudhoe Street, beyond the Jerusalem Temple, was formed in 1822. At that time the houses were substantial and convenient, and some reputable citizens occupied them. But the street seems gradually to have deteriorated in character. At present, though only a short thoroughfare, it can boast of a huge public-house at either end, and five establishments of the same sort between; a pawnshop and a police-station; and some squalid alleys, which go by various names. There are also a mission-house, a working girls' club, and a large and substantial Free Methodist chapel, built in 1862. The plastering trade had its representatives in this street up to within a comparatively recent date. The late Alderman Dodds, popularly always spoken of as Ralphy, who was a plasterer to business, lived here at one time, and, when he removed to the purer atmosphere of Ben-tinck, still kept on his old house for business purposes. Even when Mayor of Newcastle, the plain brass plate was to be seen on a door just in the centre of the street, with its simple inscription, "R. Dodds, plasterer." For the alderman, who was in his time Sheriff and twice Mayor, was never ashamed of his humble origin.

Returning to Percy Street, we cross that thoroughfare, and come upon the Circus, built by Mr. John Irving. In addition to the purposes for which this spacious building was primarily built, the Circus has been found very useful for the holding of public meetings and the like. In regard to the first object in view, it is associated with the names of Newsome and Batty, and a host of equestrian and gymnastic talent. In regard to the second, it has been impartial enough. Amongst those who have addressed large meetings here have been Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. John Morley, Lord Armstrong, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, and others of public fame. The fabric is now a place of public entertainment known as the People's Palace.

Near the Circus is the building now known as the Percy Laundry, St. Thomas's Street separating the two. This laundry is much better known, though, to old residents as "Bruce's School"—that is to say, as the scene of the labours, first of Mr. John Bruce, and then of his son, Dr. John Collingwood Bruce. "Bruce's," as the lads of a former day used always to call this celebrated school, obtained a great reputation under the governance of these two able and estimable men.

At one time the Nonconformists had a burial ground of their own here. It is mentioned in St. Andrew's register as early as the year 1708, where it is described as "the Quig's burying place, near the Swirl in Sidgatt." (See page 249.)

Percy Street is continued alongside the Haymarket by some old houses until we come to the inn called the Crow's Nest. The name is easily accounted for. Thirty years back there was a whole colony of rooks surveying mankind from their nests in the trees which decorated the neighbourhood, but which have now all disappeared, except one in St. Thomas's Church grounds opposite. But the whole of this part of the town has of late years undergone a complete transformation. One of the old houses which formerly stood here was figured on page 335 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1888. Another—the Miller's Cottage, Barras Bridge—is shown on page 234 of the present volume. Behind these houses, and extending to the Leazes, was what was known as Lax's Gardens. The new College of Physical Science (see vol. ii., page 575) is now erected on part of the site of the gardens, while a new hotel and assembly rooms are being reared on the space fronting St. Thomas's Church.

The wide triangular space extending from St. Thomas's Street to St. Thomas's Church, known as the Haymarket, was formerly called the Parade Ground. It was opened for the inspection of the Newcastle Volunteers by Colonel Rawdon, on the 26th of April, 1808. It had long been a dirty, unseemly waste, full of little putrid pools, alike offensive to the senses and injurious to the health. In 1824 the market for hay and straw was established, and it is still held here every Tuesday. Occasionally open-air

meetings have been held on the spot also. Dr. Rutherford commenced his ministrations in Newcastle here, preaching each Sunday in the open air. Thence he went to the Lecture Room in Nelson Street; and thence to Bath Lane, where, in a permanent building, he has been now long located. Hirings for agricultural servants, held in the Haymarket at one time, were commenced in 1835; but they are now discontinued. Wild beast shows and other exhibitions are frequently located here. It is the scene, too, of occasional hoppings, when rival showmen do their best to outvie each others' din.

The sketch of old houses in Percy Street, on page 273, is copied from a photograph by Mr. Robert Wallis, Ormonde Street, Jarrow.

Kossuth's Visits to Newcastle.

LOUIS KOSSUTH was born in the little town of Monok, in the county of Zemplin, near Tokay (famous for its vintage), Hungary, and was the eldest of five children. His father was a descendant of an ancient family of the Magyar race, and was the owner of a small landed estate. Louis, who was born in 1802, studied law at the Protestant College of Sarosnatak, and at an early age began practice under his father. His eloquence having gained him high admiration, he was, at the age of 21, elected to a seat as a "Nobilis" in the Comitats (county meetings) of Zemplin. In 1831 the cholera appeared in Northern Europe, and played great havoc in the North of Hungary especially. In their ignorance and terror the peasants gave heed to a dreadful story that the plague was the work of the nobles, who, they said, had poisoned the wells. Those suspected were murdered, and their houses pillaged and destroyed. Kossuth boldly confronted the excited populace, and by his clear and convincing eloquence succeeded in restoring order. The year after the cholera outbreak, he became editor of a Liberal paper, which, owing to the severity of the press laws, was transcribed, not printed, and then privately circulated. Some time later he suffered a lengthy imprisonment for the publication of a lithographed paper, the views of which were too pronounced for the Austrian Government. But his earnestness and talents took strong hold of the people, so that in 1847 he was sent by the county of Pesth as deputy to the Diet. He proved himself an able debater, and was soon recognised as leader of the Opposition. What he chiefly desired then was the emancipation of the peasants, the elevation of the citizen class, and the freedom of the press. The stimulus which the French Revolution of 1848 gave to struggling patriots led him to demand, in that year, an independent government for Hungary. In April, 1849, the National Assembly declared that the Hapsburg dynasty had forfeited the throne, and Kossuth was

appointed provisional Governor of Hungary. He was soon, however, beset with difficulties; a Russian army came to the assistance of Austria; and dissensions arose between the Governor and the commander of the troops. To put an end to these he resigned the dictatorship to his rival, General Görgey. While fighting against terrible odds, the Hungarian patriots were defeated at Temesvar on August 9, 1849, and Kossuth fled into Turkey. Here he received protection and the kindest treatment, the Government refusing to surrender him in spite of the demands and threats of Austria and Russia.

There are many who will be able to remember the great reception Kossuth met with when he came to England in 1851. In Southampton, London, Birmingham, Manchester, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and a welcome was accorded to him seldom given to a foreigner, even in England.

It was not till 1856 that the illustrious exile found his way to Tyneside. There, however, on the 19th of May in that year, he was welcomed with the warmest approbation. To quote the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "his arrival created such an amount of popular feeling as has not been



witnessed here for many years." The same paper went on to say—"It is creditable to the people of Newcastle that, although Kossuth has not visited this town till, as he himself expresses it, 'the lustre of his misfortunes has grown dim,' their enthusiasm for the Hungarian exile has not cooled as the novelty of seeing a brave man struggling with adversity wore off." Long before the time of his arrival, the streets through which he was to pass were crowded with people. On leaving the Central

Station he was first taken to Hinde Street, Scotswood Road, a band of music and banners bearing words of welcome and congratulation preceding the carriage. In the conveyance were Mr. Joseph Cowen, Jun., and Mr. James Mather, of South Shields. After a short stay in Hinde Street, the party were driven to the Music Hall, where Kossuth was to deliver his first lecture on the Austrian Concordat. The room was packed with a most enthusiastic audience, and the tremendous reception accorded to the great Hungarian when he appeared on the platform seemed to affect him deeply. Throughout the lecture the applause was frequent and hearty, and when in the course of his address he spoke of his condition in England as "poor, but not friendless," there was such an energetic outburst of sympathy and admiration that the crowds in the street took up the cheering, and continued it for some minutes after it had ceased in the hall. Mr. James Mather presided on this occasion, and amongst other gentlemen present on the platform were Sir John Fife, Mr. Cowen, the Rev. George Harris, &c.

Kossuth's second lecture was also delivered in the Music Hall, and before an audience even more enthusiastic than the previous one. Mr. Cowen was chairman. At the close of the address Sir John Fife called upon the audience to give the illustrious Magyar three hearty British cheers, which request was responded to with great good will, the applause lasting for several minutes. In reply, Kossuth said the sympathising, enthusiastic, and affectionate welcome he had received would henceforth be to him amongst his most pleasing recollections. He concluded by expressing his thanks to the chairman (Mr. Cowen, whose guest he had been at Blaydon) for his kind hospitality. As Kossuth and his friends left the room, the people cheered again and again, pressing round to shake his hand, and continuing their demonstrations till the carriage drove away.

During Kossuth's residence at Blaydon, he attended a meeting of the Mechanics' Institute in that village, delivered an address, and was made an honorary member.

The day after his second lecture in Newcastle (May 22, 1856), Kossuth was entertained to a public breakfast at the George Inn, Pilgrim Street. Sir John Fife occupied the chair, and about a hundred gentlemen were present. Kossuth left Newcastle the same day for Darlington, where he also received a most hearty welcome.

Other visits were subsequently paid to Newcastle by the great Hungarian; but these were all of a private character. On each occasion he was the guest of Mr. Cowen.

The Magpie.



HE magpie (*Garrulus picus*, Bewick; *Picus caudatus*, Yarrell) has almost as many scientific as popular names. In some parts of the country (as in Scotland) it is best known as the pyot, or pyet; in Lancashire as the pynot; and in the Midland and South-Eastern Counties as the chatterpie. In other districts it is best known by the abbreviated title of "mag"—short for magpie. It is one of the most handsomely-plumaged of our native birds, and is brisk and nimble in all its movements. Unfortunately it is so hotly persecuted by game-preservers and their



keepers, and also by farmers, that it is fast becoming scarce in most parts of the country—in fact, is threatened with speedy extinction, especially in cultivated districts.

These forays on the eggs and young of domestic fowls and game birds are chiefly confined to the breeding season, when the magpies are rearing their young broods; but at other periods of the year their chief food is the insects and vermin which prey on the produce of the farm. Though by no means so harmless as the barn owl—another much persecuted and useful bird—the magpie is almost as nimble a mouser as the former, and it will also kill and devour rats. Popular folk-lore is inimical to the magpie, as the bird, under certain natural conditions referable to certain times of the year, is looked upon as ominous of sorrow, and is consequently persecuted from stupid superstitious motives. As Mr. John Hancock remarks, "this beautiful resident species, once so abundant in the district (Northumberland and Durham) has

now almost disappeared from the neighbourhood of New-castle, and has everywhere become rare."

The magpie is found in Europe, Asia, and Africa, while in the Northern States of America it is represented by a very similar bird. It seldom visits mountains, open plains, or dense forests, but usually inhabits lightly wooded parts of the country.

In some of the Northern European countries magpies are treated with great consideration, especially in the Baltic provinces, where they may be seen feeding in the streets of populous towns like pigeons and jackdaws. There they are so familiar and trusting that they will even enter houses in search of food, the sagacious birds well knowing that they will not be molested. How different their treatment in this country!

The flight of the bird, owing to its short and rounded wings and long tail, appears somewhat heavy, and is made with quick vibrations, as if laboured, and in a high wind it does not seem to make much progress. Occasionally, however, the bird may be seen flying very rapidly and at a great height, though, as a rule, it does not seem partial to long flights. On the ground the bird is very nimble, and it can progress quickly either by hopping or walking, while the long and handsome tail is perpetually jerked up and down. The peculiar chatter of the bird can be heard for considerable distances.

The nest is mostly placed at the top of a tall tree, but sometimes in hedges and thorn bushes. It is a domed structure, composed of thorns and sticks, with a hole at the side. The inside is lined with roots and grass. The eggs run from five to seven, rarely more. The male weighs from eight to nine ounces; length, one foot and a half; bill, black; iris, dark brown; head, crown, neck, and nape, jet black; chin and throat black, the shafts of some of the feathers being greyish white; breast above, black; below, pure white; back, dull black. The wings are short and rounded, and the white feathers from the shoulder form a distinct patch of white along them; greater wing coverts, fine, glancing blue; lesser wing coverts, black; primaries, black, with an elongated patch of white on the inner web of each of the first ten feathers; secondaries and tertiaries, fine blue. The handsome tail is graduated and rounded, the outer feathers being only five inches long, and the middle ones nearly eleven inches.

Crowdy.

FAMOUS dishes are not always palatable at the first taste. When the waiter brought on the black broth, Dionysius thought poorly of the chief dish of the Lacedæmonians. There was little wonder at this, when the condiments were wanting. It was explained to him that the Spartan sauces recommended were—toil in the hunting field, the sweat of one's brow, a race to Eurotas, hunger, thirst—and with these

the black broth was delicious. Crowdy equally inspires the enthusiasm of its votaries. It is delightful food if the intelligent traveller only bears in mind the Spartan prescription, and brings to it an appetite keen as the east wind—a zest that can be acquired by a twenty mile tramp over the breezy, heather-scented uplands.

The crowdy, as a Northumberland dish, is made by filling a basin with oatmeal, and then pouring in boiling water. A vigorous stirring is required whilst the water is being poured; and, when the two ingredients are thoroughly mixed, the "hasty pudding" is ready. It is served with a little butter, dripping, or other flavouring, according to taste, or it is taken with milk. In the house of the hard-working farmer, as well as in the cottage of the labourer, this dish was highly esteemed, and its economy, and the readiness with which it could be prepared, no less than its nutritive properties, commended its use to a thrifty people. Singular virtues have always been connected with taking *crowdy*. A young local preacher stayed overnight in a farm house, and in the morning a breakfast of *crowdies* was set out. The primitive host eyed the young preacher as he ate up the frugal dish, and exclaimed—"Man, aa like thee! Aa divvent like thor coffee preachers." Previous guests had inquired for their more congenial coffee. "The word *crowdy*," it has been suggested, "seems to signify something more than the mere dish of scalded oatmeal to which it is usually applied." Thus the question, "He'ye had yor *crowdy*?" is said of any repast whatever; and "That man's not worth his *crowdy*!" is equivalent to saying "he is not worth his keep."

Crowdy is probably corrody, the English equivalent for *corrodium* (Mediæval Latin). "A *corrodium* was used to signify the privilege of freeboard, or whittle gate in a monastery." Some interesting examples of the *corrodium* will be found in the Rev. J. Raine's "Priory of Hexham," published by the Surtees Society. To persons of quality the corrody makes provision that the recipient, when well and able to work, shall eat and drink daily with the free family of the household, and when old and infirm "he shall receive daily from our monastery one convent white loaf, and one convent flagon of beer, and one course of cooked meat." Poorer folk would receive poorer fare, and thus the term corrody has naturally adhered to the principal dish given in such cases. An old ballad says:—

Crowdy! ance, crowdy! twice,
Crowdy! three times in a day,
An' ye crowdy onny mair,
Ye'll crowdy a' my meal away.

The Rev. Canon Greenwell, in his Glossary to the Boldon Buke (Surtees Society, 1852), defines *corrodium* thus:—"A corrody, food, sustenance. In Boldon Buke it means the portion of meat and drink which on certain occasions the bishop gave his villans, whilst they were making their stated works for him. Our Northern word *crowdy*, oatmeal with boiling water poured on it, is doubtless derived from *corrodium*, the staple of which

was then formed of that kind of meal which is still much used by the farm servants of the North."

In North Cumberland the crowdy is made as in Northumberland; but in Scotland, meal and water, or meal and milk, in a cold state, are called crowdy; so is called any food of the porridge kind. The Scottish equivalent of the Northumberland hot crowdy is called "brose."

Many a sturdy Northumbrian looks back with pride to his "upbringing" on crowdy; but the simpler tastes of our fathers gave way to the new-fangled luxury of tea drinking and the effeminacy of "thor coffee preachers." Already, in Thomas Wilson's "Pitman's Pay," we see how the enthusiasm for crowdy had succumbed to the luxuries of a degenerate age. There the unthrifty wife

Gets a' her heart can wish,
In strang-lyced tea and singin' binnies;

whilst for husband and bairns very different fare is provided, and her "poor Will" laments that "the crowdy is wor daily dish." As far as crowdy is concerned, it is to be feared that civilization is a failure; for the well-worn adage tells us that

Crowd-moudy myed a man;
Tea an' coffee nivvor can.

R. OLIVER HESLOP.

Gas-Lighting in the North.

GREAT difficulties beset the promoters of gas-lighting seventy years ago. Gas-light was introduced at Boulton and Watt's foundry, Birmingham, in 1798; but nine years passed away before it was applied to the illumination of a London street. Golden Lane was lighted by gas in 1807, Pall Mall in 1809, and by 1816 the system had been generally adopted throughout the metropolis. Although situated in the heart of the coalfield, Newcastle did not participate in the advantages of the new light till January, 1818. Gateshead followed suit the same year. The harbour towns resisted the innovation for some years longer. In the *Tyne Mercury*, of November 11, 1817, is an account of the presentation of a testimonial to a leading inhabitant of North Shields, by whose exertions the good folks of that town were enabled to maintain their preference for darkness. "On Monday evening last," we are told, "a number of freeholders and inhabitants of North Shields assembled at Mr. Isaac Bolton's Long Room, for the purpose of presenting Mr. John Motley with an elegant silver snuff box, which had been purchased for the occasion by voluntary contribution, bearing the following inscription:—'Presented Nov. 5th, 1817, to John Motley, by the inhabitants of North Shields, for his conduct when chairman at a meeting held Sept. 11th, 1817, to oppose the innovation of lighting the

said town,' &c. The night was spent with the greatest harmony." By the autumn of 1820, however, gas had obtained a footing even in North Shields, and very soon afterwards the triumphant light shed its rays from Milburn Place to Dockway Square. South Shields did not take kindly to the new illuminant till 1824, and the public streets there were not lit by it till 1829. W.

West Hartlepool.

THE formal opening of the new Municipal Buildings on May 1, 1889, was the occasion of the first Royal visit to West Hartlepool, though one or two members of the Royal family have previously passed through the place. It is only forty-two years since the opening of the West Hartlepool Harbour and Docks. The undertaking was the embodiment of the idea of the late Ralph Ward Jackson, third son of Mr. W. Ward Jackson, of Normanby in Cleveland.*



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

The township of Stranton, in which the new town of West Hartlepool has arisen in two score years, had at the time of the previous census (that is, in 1841) a population of no more than 381, whereas now probably 40,000 are located in it. Its ancient church—of which we give an illustration—had to the east a little village green where the "feast" sports took place; scattered

* For a sketch of the career of Ralph Ward Jackson, accompanied by a portrait, see *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 476.

houses formed the village, whilst the flour-mills were one of the features of the landscape in almost every direction. The proximity of the church and the mill at

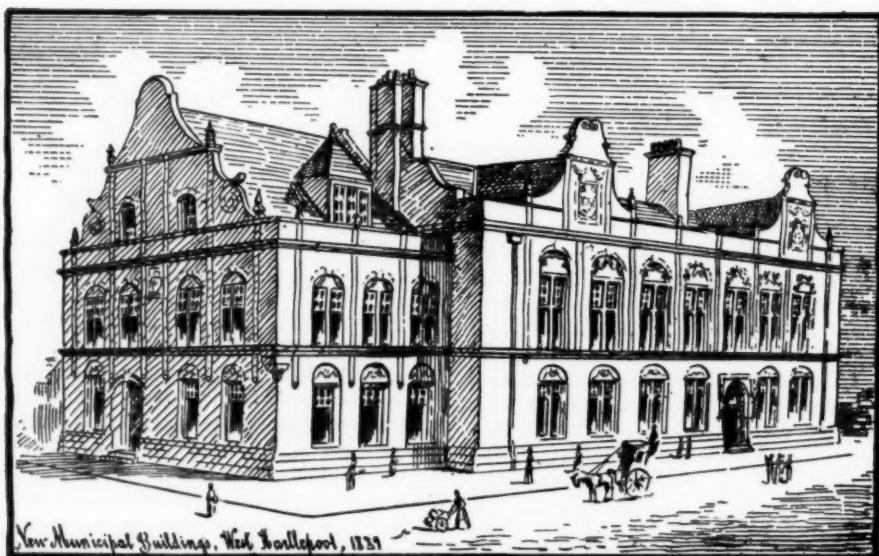
Stranton has furnished a text on which the late James Clephan wrote a pretty poem. For centuries Stranton held on the even tenour of its rural way. When coal



Mr. William Gray.
First Mayor of West Hartlepool.

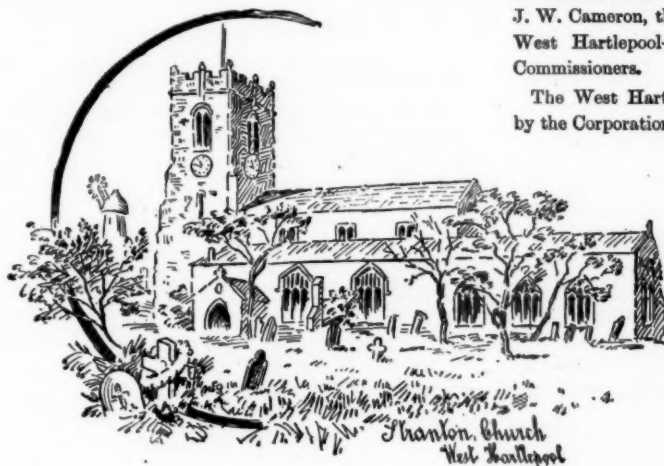


Mr. George Pyman.
Mayor of West Hartlepool.



New Municipal Buildings, West Hartlepool, 1889

sought additional outlets, the shore of Stranton township was deemed a suitable spot for furnishing the required facilities. In June, 1847, the first dock was opened. Thenceforward the growth of West Hartlepool was continuous. The old village of Stranton has now lost its identity in the new town that occupies the erstwhile agricultural fields of the township. The view we give of



Church Street, the principal thoroughfare of West Hartlepool, will indicate some of the changes that have taken place since 1847.

With growing extent, influence, and trade, the method of local government, under a private Act of Parliament that dated from 1854, became inadequate. After several attempts, a petition in the jubilee year of the Queen was

successful in obtaining a municipal charter for West Hartlepool. The borough then desired municipal buildings, where the affairs of the town could be conducted, and of these buildings, which were opened on May Day by Prince Albert Victor, the accompanying illustration will give a good idea. They were designed by Mr. R. K. Freeman, of Manchester and Bolton. The foundation stone was laid on August 17th, 1887, by Mr. J. W. Cameron, then chairman of the governing body of West Hartlepool—the West Hartlepool Improvement Commissioners.

The West Hartlepool Commissioners were superseded by the Corporation, the members of which were elected in November, 1887. Mr. William Gray, one of the leading shipbuilders on the North-East Coast, was the first Mayor of the new borough. Mr. Gray is a member of a Blyth family; he settled in business in Hartlepool, associated himself with shipping, became a member of the firm of Denton, Gray, and Co., and transferred the operations of the firm to West Hartlepool, where now his works form the chief industrial establishment.

Succeeding Mr. Gray in November last, the present Mayor, Mr. George Pyman, was appointed. Springing from Raithwaite, near Whitby, Mr. Pyman followed the example of many of the sons of that quaint and beautiful Yorkshire town—he chose a seafaring life, afterwards leaving the sea to commence business in the new town of West Hartlepool. Connected with ships and shipping, a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Pyman introduced at the



young port the method of associated owning of steamships. Of the first vessel which his firm owned, the *George Pyman*, the two hundred now owned at West Hartlepool may be said to be the successors. Branches of the firm are now located at most of the chief British seaports, so that the name of the present Mayor of West Hartlepool is almost as well-known on the sea as an owner as that of his predecessor in the chair is known as a builder.

The portrait of the Mayor and the view of the Municipal Buildings are copied by permission from photographs by Mr. T. Braybrook, West Hartlepool.

Notes and Commentaries.

JOHN BARKSBY.

Mr. John Barksby, of Seaham Harbour, an indefatigable collector of local and other songs, died on April 7, from the results of an accident in New Seaham Colliery on the previous day. He was one of those cheery, unassuming men whose mission seems to be to lighten the burdens of life. With this object in view he collected songs and ballads of every description, many of which he



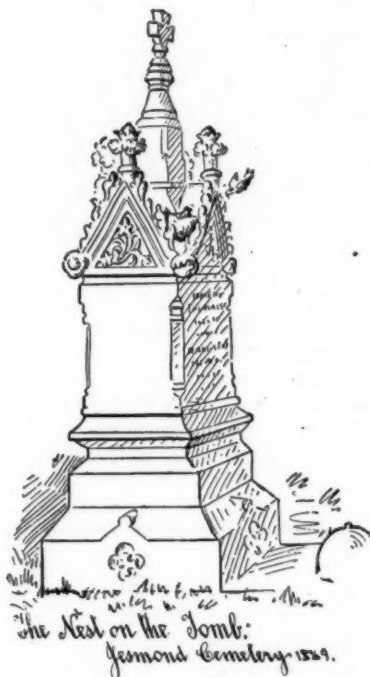
sang and recited in public to the delight of his numerous friends. Nor was that the only use he made of his hobby, for ever since the editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* opened a department for the distribution of songs and recitations, John Barksby had been his best contributor. Many hundreds of people have had to thank this worthy man for the prompt manner in which their wants have

been supplied. In nearly every case he sent the printed copy itself, and yet, so complete was his stock, his collection of ballad literature remained perhaps unrivalled in the North of England. He visited Newcastle regularly to pick up "songs and recitations," both old and new, and he would tramp many miles to secure a copy of a scarce description. Mr. Barksby was fifty-eight years old at the time of his death.

EDITOR.

THE NEST ON THE TOMB.

It was mentioned in Robin Goodfellow's gossip in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* that a pair of thrushes this spring built a nest on one of the monuments in Jesmond Cemetery. Although the nest was built within a few feet of a footpath, and could easily be reached by the hand,



the brood was successfully reared. The monument which the birds thus favoured was erected to the memory of Thomas Stokoe, who died 6th August, 1877. The accompanying sketch shows the position of the "nest on the tomb."

EDITOR.

A LESBURY EPITAPH.

There is in Lesbury Churchyard, Northumberland, a gravestone with a representation of a shipwreck, and the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
Geo. Brown, of Bedlington,
Master Mariner, who on the 5th of April, 1793, was Shipwrecked
on this Coast, aged 46 years.
Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Hath tossed me to and fro,

In spite of both, ay God's decree,
I harbour here below.
Now here at anchor I do lie,
With many of our fleet,
In hopes to set my sail again,
My Saviour Christ to meet.

JOS. DICKMAN, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE VERGE WATCH.

An elderly workman, in a Tyneside factory, was exhibiting, with some pride, an old-fashioned silver watch, which represented seconds, minutes, hours, day of the week, &c., and which he boasted was "aador than thoo, an' me, an' him (meaning another shopmate) put tegithor." "Wey, is it a heirloom?" was the query. "No," was the reply, "it's a verge!"

A PROOF OF INTIMACY.

A resident in Jarrow met a friend who hails from Hebburn, whom he had not seen for some time. After the usual greetings, the latter asked: "Whe's yor foreman at Palmer's noo?" "Oh," was the reply, "his nyem is John Blank: d'ye knaa him?" "Div aa knaa him?" was the indignant exclamation: "wey, just ye ax him if he had a sister who tyuk fits!"

HORSE CLIPPINGS.

Some miners, down a Northumbrian pit, were standing beside the ponies, when one of them asked the horse-keeper if he saved the hair after clipping the ponies, adding: "Aa yence gat as much hair off yen horse as wad myek a good feather bed!"

JOHNNY.

A young mother in Northumberland was once asked what her little boy's name was. "Wey, hinny," said the fond parent, "his name is John; but we caall him Johnny for short!"

FUNERAL DEPORTMENT.

It is said of a rather noted character in a small town in the North, that when he was following the funeral procession of his third wife, a companion who was walking by his side called his attention to a buxom widow standing at the door of a house they were passing at the time. "Luik, Ralph," said the companion, "that yen'll suit thoo for the next wife." "Whist, man," replied the disconsolate widower, "thoo'll mak us laugh!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 12th of April, the Rev. Beilby Porteus Hodgson died at Hartburn Vicarage, Northumberland. He was 81 years of age, and had been vicar of the parish for 33 years.

On the same day, Mr. John Collingwood Richardson, son of the late Rev. Benjamin Richardson, vicar of Glaisdale, died at his residence, Eskdale, Leamington. The

deceased was intimately connected with the chief friendly societies.

Mr. W. O. Johnston, for thirty years an engineer in the employment of the late Mr. Alderman Laycock at Seghill Colliery, died at his residence, Hedley Street, Gosforth, on the 13th of April, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Robert Clark, land agent, of Lintz Green, and noted for his great interest in breeding horses, died at Marseilles, on the 15th of April.

On the same day, died Mr. William Hawksby, a well-known cattle salesman, of Newcastle. The deceased, who was for a long period a member of the Board of Guardians, was 78 years of age.

On the 16th of April, Mr. Alexander Gow-Stewart, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Locke, Blackett, and Wilson, Hebburn Lead Works, died at his residence, St. George's Terrace, Newcastle. On the death of his uncle, Mr. Gow inherited a large fortune, and, by request of the testator, added the name of Stewart to his own. The deceased gentleman was 59 years of age.

Mr. John Kidd, one of the men who were rescued from the Forfarshire by Grace Darling when the vessel went ashore on the Farne Islands on 7th September, 1838, died at Carnoustie, Scotland, on the 20th of April. On the night of the disaster he remained at his post in the engine-room until the vessel parted in two. He was the last survivor of the nine who were landed by Grace Darling, and one of the two who went back to the vessel on a mission of rescue. Deceased was 78 years of age. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 263.)

Mr. Robert Stirling Newall, alderman and justice of the peace for the borough of Gateshead, died at his residence, Ferndene, in that town, on the 21st of April.



Wm. R. S. Newall, J.P.

Born in Dundee in 1812, Mr. Newall entered a mercantile office and afterwards went to London, where his talents found more genial employment under the late Mr.

Robert M'Calmont in connection with experiments on the rapid production of steam. In 1840 he took out a patent for making wire rope; and it was his invention that rendered possible submarine telegraphy, the idea of which he had suggested in 1848. He established works at Gateshead, and his firm manufactured and laid the Dover and Calais cable in 1850, the Holyhead and Howth and Portpatrick in 1852, and the Dover and Ostend, the Frith of Forth, and Holland cables in 1853. In November, 1854, Mr. Newall suggested a cable from Varna to Balaclava to the Duke of Newcastle, then Minister of War. When this cable was completed, Mr. Newall received the thanks of the Minister. The Black Sea cable was laid by Mr. Newall in 1855, and the Red Sea cable in 1859. After laying the latter, Mr. Newall was wrecked in the *Alma*, when his courage and coolness proved of the greatest help to the shipwrecked passengers. He devoted much of his time to scientific work, and had constructed a 25 in. refracting telescope, which just before his death he offered as a gift to the University of Cambridge. To local matters Mr. Newall devoted much of his time. He was a magistrate and had been twice Mayor of Gateshead. The University of Durham, in recognition of Mr. Newall's eminent services to science and literature, about two years ago conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Not long before his death he inherited a very large fortune bequeathed by his brother. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1888, page 480.)

On the 22nd of April, Mr. John Robinson, retired shipowner, who for many years took an active part in the public life of South Shields, died at Highgate, London, at the advanced age of 84 years. He was a member of the first Town Council on the incorporation of South Shields, in 1850, representing Westoe Ward, and was elected an alderman on the 9th November in the same year. On the 11th July, 1851, he was appointed one of the borough magistrates, and from November 9th, 1853, till the November following he officiated as Mayor. He was appointed on the Tyne Commission when it was constituted in 1850, and acted as a representative for South Shields Corporation on that authority for many years. The remains of the deceased gentleman were interred in York Cemetery.

On the 23rd of April, Dr. Robert Jackson died at Bellingham, where he held the appointment of medical officer for the second and fourth districts of the Union.

On the same day, at his residence, in Norroy Road, Putney, London, died Dr. James Barron, formerly a medical practitioner in Sunderland, from which he removed a few years ago. The deceased, who was 70 years of age, was father of Dr. T. W. Barron, of Durham.

Mary Biggs, widow of John Biggs, steam thrashing-machine proprietor, of Whittingham, Northumberland, died at that village, at the advanced age of 101 years, on the 25th of April. Up to a short period previously, the deceased was able to attend to her household duties.

On the 27th of April, the Rev. Marmaduke Miller, a United Methodist Free Church minister, well known in the North of England, and formerly stationed at Darlington, died at Manchester, in the 61st year of his age.

Mr. William Harty, of the firm of Harty, Lidgerton, and Potts, shipbuilders, died at his residence in North Bridge Street, Monkwearmouth, on the 28th of April. The deceased, who was 80 years of age, was for three years a member of the Town Council, and was also for some time connected with the Board of Guardians.

Mr. James Menzies, hostler at the Blue Bell Hotel, Belford, who had witnessed the transition from the coaching system to the new railway era, died on the 29th of April, at the advanced age of 85 years.

On the 29th of April, also, died Mr. James Horsley, who for a long period had carried on the business of grocer and provision merchant at Alnwick. The deceased, who was 87 years of age, was the possessor of one of the finest collections of old coins in the country.

On the 30th of April, the Rev. Frederick Scott Surtees, of Manor House, Dinadale, Darlington, dropped down dead at Bristol Railway Station. The deceased gentleman was rector of Sprotborough, Yorkshire, from 1856 to 1880, but he had not undertaken any clerical duty for some years past.

Mr. Alexander Scorer died very suddenly at the Elswick Engine and Ordnance Works, Newcastle, on the 1st of May. Mr. Scorer had been associated with the *Weekly Chronicle* in one way or another for twelve or fifteen years—first as winner of prizes for local songs, then as contributor to "Notes and Queries," and ultimately as conductor of the Draughts and Sphinx Departments.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. William Lowe Borland, assistant to Dr. Wilson, Birtley, died from the effects of poison taken by himself, while labouring under temporary insanity. He was 38 years of age.

The death was announced on the 4th of May, of Mr. John Harrison, of Darlington, proprietor of the Linthorpe Ware Works, Middlesbrough. The deceased, who was about 48 years of age, was a leading supporter of local temperance and other social movements.

On the 6th of May, the death was announced of Miss Priscilla Mounsey, of Hendon Hill House, Sunderland, who for many years had taken an active interest in all religious and charitable institutions in the county of Durham.

On the 6th of May, Mr. George Weatherhead, a Harbour Commissioner, and a member of the Town Improvement Committee of Berwick, died suddenly there, his age being upwards of 70 years.

The death occurred on the 7th of May of Mr. William Havelock Potts, of Warwick Street, Heaton Park Road, Newcastle, at the age of 68 years. The deceased was formerly a tradesman in Sunderland, and was one of the founders of the Working Men's Club in that town.

Sir George Richard Waldie-Griffith, Bart., son of Sir Richard Griffith, famous in connection with the geological survey of Ireland and "Griffith's Valuation," died at his residence, Hendersonsyde Park, Kelso, on the 8th of May. The deceased baronet was 69 years of age, having been born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1820.

On the 9th of May, the death was recorded as having taken place on the 1st, of the Hon. William Francis Littleton, fourth son of the late Lord Hatherton, and nephew of the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. Littleton, who was 41 years of age, was private secretary to Sir Bartle Frere during the whole period of his Governorship of the Cape.

On the 10th of May, the death occurred, in St. George's Stairs, North Shields, of a veteran soldier, Edward Jennings, who served with such distinction in the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny as to merit, along with other medals, the much coveted Victoria Cross. The deceased, who was of an advanced age, was an army pensioner, and had latterly been employed as a scavenger under the Tynemouth Corporation.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

10.—A branch of the Boys' Brigade was formed at Seaham Harbour.

11.—In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, London, the case of the Attorney-General v. the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, came before Mr. Justice Wills, sitting without a jury. The action, which was instituted by the Byker Bridge Company, was to restrain the Corporation from applying the city funds or rates for the purpose of freeing the North-Eastern Railway Company's bridge over the Ouseburn valley. On the 17th, Mr. Justice Wills delivered judgment, dismissing the action with costs, being of opinion that the order upon the borough fund would be valid, and the order on the improvement rate good, if the rate produced an adequate surplus after the classes of expenditure ranking in priority had been met.

—George Allison and Thomas Cromarty, fishermen, were brought up at the Northumberland Sessions, charged with rioting at Holy Island on the 22nd of February; but the evidence being insufficient to convict, the men were discharged.

12.—The command of the Newcastle Regimental District fell vacant by the expiry of Colonel Rowland's tenure, and he was succeeded by Colonel C. E. Hope.

—The Newcastle and Tyneside Burns Club inaugurated a series of social gatherings by a meeting in the large dining-room of the County Hotel, Newcastle, when Mr. James Dick read a paper on "Songs of Scotland prior to Burns."

13.—The medical officer of the borough of Middlesbrough presented a report to the Sanitary Committee in favour of the adoption of cremation as a means of disposing of the dead.

—A young Belgian named Robert Feron, 20, whose parents resided at Brussels, and Lillie Burford, a young woman about 21 years of age, belonging to Spennymoor, in the county of Durham, were found dead in a railway carriage at Trent Station, near Derby, on the Midland Railway. An attachment had sprung up between the couple, and for a considerable time past they had been on most affectionate terms. The presence of a six-chambered revolver on the seat of the compartment, however, in conjunction with other evidence which subsequently came to light, led to the conclusion that Feron had murdered his sweetheart, and then committed suicide. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to this effect.

14.—In accordance with a suggestion by Robin Goodfellow, in the *Weekly Chronicle*, a meeting of Newcastle Tramway drivers and conductors was held in the Haymarket, Newcastle, for the purpose of hearing a deputation from the Tyneside and District Labourers' Association. The names of a number of the employees were taken as members of the association, and a statement of the demands of the workmen as a body was shortly afterwards submitted to the manager of the Tramways Company.

15.—Mr. Henry George, the well-known author of "Progress and Poverty," delivered the first of a series of



Henry George

addresses on the land question in the North of England, in the Town Hall, Alnwick. The Newcastle meeting was held on the 18th, and on Sunday, the 21st, Mr. George occupied the pulpit of Dr. Rutherford in the Bath Lane Church.

—The Board of Conciliation for the Northern Manufactured Iron Trade adopted a wages sliding scale for two years, on a basis of 2s. per ton above shillings for pounds for the price of iron.

17.—The Marquis of Hartington paid a public visit to Sunderland. His first engagement was to lay the memorial stone in connection with the Hartley wing of the Infirmary. Shortly after that ceremony had commenced, the temporary platform, which was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, unfortunately collapsed. Several well-known ladies and gentlemen were more or less seriously injured. The proceedings were, in consequence, postponed till the following day, when the work was formally completed. On the afternoon of the 17th, his lordship attended a conference designed to further the interests of the Liberal Unionists in the county of Durham. He afterwards witnessed the launch of the Mombassa from the yard of his host, Mr. James Laing, the vessel being, in point of tonnage, the largest that had ever left the Wear. The Marquis in the evening of the same day addressed a large Liberal Unionist meeting in the Victoria Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Durham.

—Under the auspices of the local branch of the Bi-Metallic League, the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., Mr. George Howell, M.P., and other gentlemen, ad-

dressed a public meeting in the Town Hall, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Sheriff, Mr. William Sutton.

—Mr. William Allan, poet, of Scotland House, Sunderland, presented to the Museum and Library of that town the original manuscript of Robert Burns's "Holy Willie's Prayer." The gift was valued at 180 guineas.

18.—It was announced in the *Evening Chronicle* that the will of Mr. Lewis Thompson, a gentleman who lately died in Newcastle, had been proved by his cousin, the executor, Mr. Charles D. Andrews, solicitor, of Leominster, Herefordshire. The testator devised and bequeathed to his executor, out of so much of the personal estate as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes, the sum of £15,000 upon trust, to be by him employed in the purchase, with the sanction of the Board of Charity Commissioners for England and Wales, in the name of the official trustees of Charitable Funds, of an equivalent amount of Government stock. The income or annuity arising from this investment was to be known as "Thomas Thompson's Poor's Rate Gift," in memory of the testator's father, and it was directed that the dividends and income accruing from time to time on the stock so to be purchased, should be paid over by the official trustees of Charitable Funds, as the same should be periodically received by them, to the Poor-Law Guardians for the township of Byker, in the county of Northumberland, and their successors, as the administering trustees. It was further directed that the dividends and income should be held by the said Guardians upon trust, to apply the same for ever in diminishing the poor's rate upon the inhabitants of the township of Byker, upon condition that the Guardians keep and maintain in a good and substantial state of repair the tomb of the testator's father in Jesmond Cemetery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and place thereon each successive year a memorial garland of the value of not less than two shillings; the garland in question to be so placed on the 17th day of August, or, when that day falls upon a Sunday, then on the 16th day of August. If, from any cause, the Guardians failed to comply with the whole or any part of these conditions for a period of three successive years, then the aforesaid sum of £15,000 should pass to, and, without any condition, become the property of the British nation. (See *ante* page 188.)

—St. Andrews University conferred the degree of LL.D. on Professor G. S. Brady, of Sunderland.

—Mr. R. L. Dunford was elected chairman of the Newcastle Board of Guardians.

19.—Mr. R. L. Booth, Ashington, laid the foundation stone of a new Primitive Methodist chapel at Longhirst.

—Mr. J. H. Fox was elected greeve for the township of Norton, in the manor of Stockton, in the room of Mr. Joseph Dodds, who had ceased to reside in the said manor. It was stated that it would be the new greeve's duty to see that the green and other places in the township were not encroached upon.

20.—A shocking murder and suicide were committed in Oakwellgate, Gateshead. The victims were Mary Martin, aged 37, who was married but twelve months, but had got a separation order from her husband, who paid her 5s. a-week; and Walter Fairbank, 45, a riveter. Fairbank, who was a widower, lodged near Martin, and frequently visited her. On the day in question he borrowed a razor from his landlord, saying he wanted to shave himself. Shortly before ten o'clock a policeman

heard screams issuing from Martin's house, and found the woman with her head and shoulders out of the window, and blood flowing down on to the pavement. On being drawn back, she fell on the floor and died almost immediately from a wound in the throat. The policeman entered the other room, and found Fairbank with his throat cut and a razor beside him. He died ten minutes afterwards. The cause of the quarrel was not known. The coroner's jury found that the woman had been murdered by Fairbank, who then committed suicide.

—A public meeting was held in the Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, under the auspices of the Tyneside and District Labourers' Union, when an address was delivered by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

21.—In accordance with the decision of the Watch Committee of the Corporation, the lamps in the public thoroughfares and back streets of Newcastle were only partially lighted at the commencement of the summer season, about 1,700 lamps in all being left unlighted.

22.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., was present at a meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, in Newcastle, and spoke on several social subjects. On the evening of the 24th, the right hon. gentleman and his colleague, Mr. James Craig, addressed a meeting of the Newcastle Liberal Association.

—Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., returned to Sunderland, after wintering in California. During his absence, the hon. gentleman addressed a series of interesting letters descriptive of his tour to the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

—A switchback railway was opened at Rokkr, near Sunderland.

—It was reported that the value of the personality under the will of the late Mr. W. E. Surtees, barrister, of Fairfield, Somerset, and Seaton Carew, Durham, had been sworn at £52,464 18s. 11d.

23.—The twenty-seventh annual conference of Sunday School teachers connected with the Unions in the Northern Counties was held at Gateshead, under the presidency of Mr. W. H. Dunn.

—A grand nautical bazaar in connection with the Sunderland Seamen's Mission was opened by the Countess of Scarborough, in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, the object being to provide funds for the completion of the new Seamen's Church and Institute, in High Street of that town. The attractions included *tableaux vivants*, with an excellent representation of the well-known and popular picture of Uncle Toby of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, with his charming children around him.

—The foundation stone of a Primitive Methodist Chapel was laid by Mr. John Robinson in Westoe Lane, South Shields.

24.—A destructive fire broke out in the premises of Mr. F. W. Pittuck, chemist, in Carr Street, Hebburn.

—A man and a boy were killed by an explosion in the Brancepeth C Pit, Willington, another man dying on the 27th; and two men lost their lives by being thrown out of a cage at Messrs. Pease and Partners' Adelaide (Shildon Bank) Colliery.

—It was announced that, as the result of a ballot, an immense majority of the miners of Durham had voted for the entire abolition of the sliding scale as a means of regulating wages.

—At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Dr. Bruce was asked to place on record his reminiscences of life and society in Newcastle during the early part of the century; and he stated that, in conjunction with Mr.

John Clayton, he would take the matter into consideration.

27.—It was announced that there had been exhibited in a watchmaker's shop at Alnwick for the last few days, a gold watch which formerly belonged to the Duke of Wellington. It had been presented to a Berwick lady by the Duke himself, and after several vicissitudes had passed into the hands of Major A. H. Browne, of Callaly Castle. The watch was in a good state of preservation.

—A blue shark, 9 feet 11 inches long, was caught off Hartlepool.

—During a performance in the Albert Hall, Jarrow, a part of the gallery suddenly gave way, precipitating about a hundred spectators into a net suspended over the pit, and injuring two lads.

—The Marquis of Londonderry announced his prospective retirement from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

29.—The centenary of the Newcastle firm of wireworkers, Messrs. William Mountain and Sons, was celebrated by a dinner at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, Grey Street, Newcastle.

—Meyerbeer's opera "The Star of the North," as prepared by Mr. Carl Rosa, was produced at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. By a sad coincidence, the eminent impresario died on the following day in Paris. The announcement of the melancholy event was received at the Tyne Theatre during the rehearsal, which was at once brought to a close.

—Reference was made in the House of Commons to what is known as the Duddo Hill case, as tried at the Northumberland Assizes in 1879, and in which a miscarriage of justice was alleged to have taken place.

—In connection with a case of assault heard at the Gateshead Borough Police Court, evidence was called on the part of the defendant to show that there was an old Easter custom in vogue in the neighbourhood, whereby, if a female refused to give an egg, her boots were taken off; whereas, should a man refuse to give an egg to a female, his cap was liable to be seized and retained till the forfeit was paid.

30.—At the Society of Arts, in London, Captain Wiggins, of Sunderland, read an interesting paper on the North-East Passage to Siberia.

MAY.

1.—A large oak coffin, buried at a depth of seven feet, and containing the skeleton of a full-grown person, was unearthed during excavations being executed near the railway wall, in Orchard Street, Newcastle. Several old coins, stones bearing curious workmanship, and some carved woodwork were discovered near the same spot.

—A satisfactory report was presented at the annual meeting of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, there being a balance in hand of £253 2s. 5d.

—Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, opened, amid great rejoicings, the new Municipal Buildings recently erected at West Harlepool. (See page 279.)

—In accordance with a ceremony observed since 1609, an official survey was made of the boundaries of Berwick-on-Tweed.

2.—The Jack Crawford public-house, in Adelaide Place, near to the Town Moor, Sunderland, suddenly collapsed, but fortunately no one was injured by the accident.

4.—A young woman named Theresa Matthews, belonging to London, but lately employed as a barmaid in Newcastle, was found lying on the door-step of a house in Ryehill, suffering from a wound in her right temple. A small revolver was near her, and she was removed to the Infirmary, where she died a few hours afterwards. David Hildrop, a young married man, described as a cellarman, was taken into custody on the charge of having murdered the deceased.

—Dr. Ballard and Dr. Page, on behalf the Local Government Board, held an inquiry touching an outbreak of typhoid and pleuro-pneumonia at Herrington, Philadelphia, and adjoining villages in the county of Durham.

5.—James Craig, aged 53, rescued from drowning a little boy named Scott, who had fallen into the Ouseburn, Newcastle. Robin Goodfellow thus described the occurrence in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* :—

Mr. Craig, who is employed as a wharfman by Messrs. Neilsen and Andersen, while looking out of a back window of his house about five o'clock on Sunday evening, saw a lad struggling in the water. Accustomed to saving the lives of persons in peril, he jumped from the window of his house,



a distance of about 16 feet, ran along a gangway, a distance of 40 or 50 yards, and then dived a distance of some 12 feet into the burn. The daring fellow had already exhausted himself by these exertions. Nevertheless, he swam several yards into the stream, seized the drowning lad just as he was disappearing for the third time, and ultimately succeeded in reaching a wherry which lay near at hand. It goes without saying that the gallant exploit was witnessed with intense excitement and anxiety by the persons who had congregated on the

spot. The rescued lad, however, soon recovered from the effect of the immersion; but the rescuer, unfortunately, injured himself in leaping from the window and exhausted himself in struggling through the water, so that, he was for some days afterwards in a weak and suffering condition. I have said that Mr. Craig was accustomed to saving others. Over and over again has he risked his own life in adventures of the kind. Mr. Craig is not only a hero himself, but the father of a family of heroes; for two of his sons have already distinguished themselves in the same humane and honourable manner.

6.—At the invitation of M. Barry, French Consul in Newcastle, the members of the French colony resident in the city and district assembled at the Consulate, in Grey Street, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the Convocation of the States-General in France.

7.—It was announced that Lady Armstrong had acquired the old hospital in Hanover Square, Newcastle, and had re-established it as the place of call for the medical and surgical treatment of sick poor children.

—A boiler explosion occurred at Hebburn Colliery A Pit, resulting in the deaths of John Kennedy and Daniel Button; while James McKenna, one of several men who were injured, died on the following morning. John Halliday, a fourth man, expired on the 10th.

—It was intimated that the King of the Belgians had communicated, through Mr. George Reid, Belgian Consul, his desire to contribute £500 towards that portion of the Durham College of Science at Newcastle-upon-Tyne which is to be erected to perpetuate the memory of George and Robert Stephenson.

8.—An advance of 1s. per week in wages was conceded to the servants of the Newcastle Tramways Company.

—A county rate of 1½d. in the pound, an asylum rate of ½d. in the pound, and a police rate of ½d. in the pound were levied by the Durham County Council.

9.—Mr. James C. Laird, tailor and town councillor, of Newcastle, was examined before a Select Committee of the House of Lords, in London, on the sweating system.

General Occurrences.

APRIL

15.—The election for a member of Parliament for the Central Division of Birmingham, in the room of the late John Bright, resulted as follows:—Mr. John Albert Bright (Liberal Unionist), 5,610; Mr. W. Phipson Beale (Gladstonian), 2,560; majority, 3,050.

16.—The result of an election at Rochester was declared as follows:—Hon. E. Hughesen (Gladstonian Liberal), 1,655; Horatio Davies (Conservative), 1,580; majority, 75.

22.—The Oklahoma country, in Indian territory, United States, was opened for settlement, in accordance with a proclamation by President Harrison, when about 50,000 persons made a rush for land.

23.—Serious rioting occurred in Vienna, on account of a strike of tramway servants. The mob was repeatedly charged by cavalry, many people being wounded.

24.—General Boulanger arrived at Dover, and thence proceeded to London.

—Information was received from New York of the safety of the passengers and crew of an emigrant steamer

named the *Danmark*, all having been heroically rescued by Captain Hamilton Murrell and the crew of the *Missouri*.

29.—Mr. Carl Rosa, the well-known impresario and managing director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company,



died at the Grand Hotel, Paris, after ten days' illness, at the age of 47 years.

30.—Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., was called as a witness before the Special Commission appointed to inquire into Irish affairs.

MAY.

5.—As President Carnot was proceeding to Versailles to attend the centenary celebration of the French Republic, a man named Perrin fired a revolver at him. Perrin was at once arrested, when it was found that the weapon was loaded with blank cartridge.

6.—The Universal Exhibition at Paris, the chief attraction of which is the Eiffel Tower, 975 feet high, was opened by President Carnot.

7.—Death of Count Tolstoi, Russian Minister of the Interior.

8.—A sanguinary encounter took place between troops and miners on strike in the Westphalian Coal Field, Prussia. Three of the miners were killed. Other fatal conflicts took place on the 10th.

10.—News was received of the death of Father Damien, a Belgian priest who had for years laboured among the leper colony of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands.